

AMERICA

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A Century of Progress

ONE hundred years ago, Frederic Ozanam, with his companions, sowed the seed which today brings forth abundant harvests in every part of the world. A young layman, full of zeal for the extension of the Kingdom of God, Ozanam never looked to the future, knowing that if he and his fellow-workers did the work that lay at their hands as perfectly as they could, God would take care of the days to come. Indeed, the marvelous extension of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in his own all too brief lifetime filled the founder with a glad surprise. He had sowed, but God had given the increase, and in his saintly heart the surprise was a hymn of gratitude to our Father in Heaven.

The heart of the founder would overflow with gratitude could he return to earth today. He would witness a glorious gathering in the city of New York, blessed by the presence of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, the Archbishop of New York, of the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, and of forty members of the Hierarchy. These thousands have met under the auspices of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, and it is their happy privilege to turn aside from their papers and discussions to mark the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The one purpose of the delegates in all their deliberations is to make actual in this dark twentieth century, the Gospel preached to the poor by Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. They represent great universities, homes for orphans, hospitals, penal institutions, refuges for the aged. Lawyers and physicians, priests and Sisters and Brothers, specialists in every department of charity and of social science, they stand bowed in reverence before the holy memory of Frederic Ozanam. To them, he is

the visible representation, almost in our own times, of the love of Christ for the poor and the outcast, made glorious by St. Vincent de Paul, St. John Francis Regis, and a thousand other heroes and champions of charity. To him, they pay due veneration, praying that they may shortly invoke him as a Blessed One of God, and from him they learn. For what they strive with the help of God to achieve, he achieved, and so won his chair, not in law or in literature, but in practical charity, and with it the distinction which belongs to him who teaches by example as well as by word.

Yet if the visible presence of Frederic Ozanam is denied the meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, surely he will watch over its deliberations, and his spirit, which is the spirit of Christ, will precede and follow all its actions. Ozanam stressed the central fact of Catholic charity, and in striking fashion showed to the world how it differed from philanthropy. Charity means love of God above all, and love of every human creature for His sake. The great exemplar of Christian charity is, of course, Our Divine Lord, and so Ozanam bade his associates to seek out the poor and minister to them, as Our Lord did in the days of His earthly pilgrimage, and not to forget, while they fed the hungry and cared for the sick, that the welfare of the soul was of infinitely greater worth than the welfare of the body. Thus Ozanam showed to his followers the spiritual values of charity, remedial and preventive, to society, to the individual affected, and to the agent himself. In seeking out the poor, they sought out Jesus Christ Himself. In caring for them, they cared for Christ, poor and without a place whereon He might lay His Sacred Head, for Christ in His hunger and thirst, for Christ in His agony upon the Cross; and by these works of love, perfected their own souls and laid up treasures in Heaven.

Such is the spirit of Catholic charity, and when that spirit departs there can be no charity and no Christianity. There will always be need in the Church of God for the ideals and the methods of Ozanam. But as the years go on, the wants of suffering humanity change, and the means whereby they may best be met, also change. Then it is that the spirit of God, directing His servants, will inspire them to study these changed conditions and to discover ways and methods, founded on the unchanged and unchangeable charity of Christ, that are better fitted to care for Christ's needy brethren. "Organized charity" has suffered in the house of its friends, but as long as true charity remains we need not fear the bane of over-organization.

Twenty-four years ago, that great leader in Catholic charitable work, Brother Barnabas, F.S.C., penned a letter to Bishop Shahan, then president of the Catholic University, which, in the event, proved to be the beginning of the National Conference of Catholic Charities. Both these great men have passed to their reward, but assuredly it may be said of them that their works do follow them. This week, the world that is interested in social, industrial, and economic studies, will see a remarkable body of men and women in conference in New York. Every field of these studies will be illuminated by scholars whose learning and distinguished services stamp their conclusions with authority. But this world will also discern in the gathering something which marks it off from all similar gatherings, and that is the spirit of Our Lord Jesus Christ. With that spirit ruling the deliberations of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, our work for Christ's poor will increase and go forward unto perfect day.

The Coal Barons

IT appears that the President has imposed a satisfactory code upon the bituminous-coal barons. At least, Administrator Johnson is satisfied, and William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, is disposed to look upon it as a real victory for the oppressed miner and his dependents. The public, too, is satisfied, for the code terminates the very immediate danger of a nationwide strike in the soft-coal fields that might easily check all the progress fostered by the Recovery Act.

Precisely what these coal barons think of the code has not been disclosed by any among them willing to talk for publication. It is too much to hope that they have experienced a genuine change of heart, and are hereafter resolved to conduct their several businesses according to principles which would win the hearty approval of Leo XIII and Pius XI. But too much should not be expected from them; in fact, not much at all.

To begin with, for a number of years the soft-coal business appears to have been ruled by a set of lunatics. They not only fought the miners and the Communists, but also one another, and the unions, and the railroads, and the State. Of the social obligations of their work, they appear to have known little, and of its industrial

and economic aspects even less. In prosperous times, they glutted the market, mining the coal by most wasteful means, and when times grew hard and the markets were closed, many of the fields were allowed to fall into ruin. With the fields, the workers who had been drawn to the mines from agricultural pursuits, also fell into ruin. Thereupon, the coal barons, having fought the union organizers, were forced to fight the Communists who came into the fields, to feast, vulture-like, on the misfortunes of baron and miner alike.

What the barons need at present is a czar, an absolute monarch, to teach them business methods as well as the elements of justice and charity. There is much in their contention that they stand on the verge of ruin, but it is their folly that brought them to that pass. The very contention shows their need of dictatorship. Perhaps, but only perhaps, the code will fill that need.

That Russian Trade

AN excellent résumé of the case for and against the recognition of the Soviet Union by the United States is found in an article by Leonid I. Strakhovsky, professor of modern European history at Georgetown University, published in the *Chicago Tribune* for September 10. Dr. Strakhovsky has no difficulty in showing that, with reference to recognition, the Soviet Government cannot be placed on the same plane with other Governments. The Soviet is pledged by its very Constitution to world revolution and universal sovietization, which means the destruction of every other non-Communist Government, including our own, and its social, domestic, and religious institutions. Even more striking than declarations in documents, is the fact, according to Dr. Strakhovsky, that every country which has had, or now has, official relations with Soviet Russia, has been obliged to take stern measures to repel the revolutionary work of the Soviet agents including not a few who had been received as diplomatic representatives.

Some Americans, Senator Borah among them, contend that this country would succeed, where others have experienced nothing but grave difficulty, and then point out that Russia is ready to furnish millions of potential buyers of American goods. With other students whose knowledge of conditions in Russia is intimate, Dr. Strakhovsky finds this position little short of ridiculous.

Where, he asks, is the money with which the Soviet Government can pay for American goods? Certainly, not much profitable trade is to be looked for from the people, since "the average Soviet citizen cannot buy even the necessities of life with his salary of from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a month." The money for these purchases, if they are to be paid for in money, and not in empty promises, is not in Russia. If they are to be paid for in goods, the Soviet Government must dump its exports on these shores, and sell its convict-made wares at prices which will put our merchants out of business. The profit of such trade relations, remarks Dr. Strakhovsky, is not in the United States, but in Russia.

The truth is that the value of Russia as a market has been vastly overestimated by propagandists, such as Senator Borah and former-Senator Brookhart, and by popular writers of the type of Will Durant. Even were it certain that the Soviet Government had disavowed the basis on which it is built (and all the certainty we have points to an opposite conclusion) Russia would still remain not a poor but, rather, a dangerous market for American merchants.

Religion and the Union

WE quite agree with the Rev. Francis J. Haas, of the National Catholic School of Social Service, who advises all workers to join a union. "Every worker has the duty to himself and to his fellow-workers to join a union," said Dr. Haas, in a recent address, "and to be proud of his membership." Unionism does not mean "an armed truce, but conference, cooperation, and peace." In the present phase of the industrial and economic order, the union is quite as necessary as in the days of unleashed hostility from employers and suspicion from the Government. Without it, the worker will continue to be exploited, either directly or through the company union. Unless he can join with his fellows for the protection of common rights, not even the wisest laws devised at Washington and in our State capitals can do much to better his lowly condition.

Still, it should not be considered an attack upon organized labor to point out that the labor union, as it exists in this country, falls below the ideal sketched by Leo XIII and Pius XI in the two great economic Encyclicals. The American labor union professes to be strictly "non-sectarian" and while, generally speaking, it has not been hostile to religion, it has never entered into any essential alliance with religion. It is easy to understand why this "non-sectarian" basis was adopted, but quite as easy to understand why it runs counter to Catholic teachings.

The rights of labor, as well as those of capital, rooted in the natural law, are developed, explained, and defended, by religion. Human nature being what it is, the extent of these rights is almost necessarily open to dispute, not indeed in their broad sweep and inference, but in those special cases which, in the language of the courts, "make hard law." Obviously, in points under dispute, factors of human conflicts are necessarily involved. These must be examined and assessed, so that what is just and proper may be sustained, and what is unjust or improper, may be suppressed. Hence, what is needed is an authority to decide upon the goodness or badness of human acts, and Catholics find that authority in the Church alone. To maintain that a labor union need not and should not be governed by religious and moral principles, is to parallel the proposition that education, business, and the acts of men in their professional character, need not, and should not, be ruled and guided by religion.

For Catholics, all doubt on this subject must be dispelled by a glance at the Encyclical of Leo XIII on the Condition of the Working Classes. The Pontiff lays it

down as "a general and lasting law" that workingmen's associations "must pay special and chief attention to the duties of religion and morality, and that their internal discipline must be guided very strictly by these weighty considerations." If this law is neglected, the Pontiff fears that these associations will "end by becoming little better than those societies which take no account whatever of religion." Therefore the Holy Father would have these associations for workingmen

look first and before all things to God; let religious instruction have therein the foremost place, every member being carefully taught what is his duty to God, what he has to believe, what to hope for, and how he is to work out his salvation; and let all be warned and strengthened with special care against wrong principles and false teachings.

The Pontiff is not here speaking of some pious society for the old men of the parish, but of unions of hard-fisted, hard-headed workingmen, formed to protect their rights and "to be productive in no small degree of prosperity to the State." Clearly, the Pope is convinced that swift progress toward the achievement of these happy results cannot be made, when organized labor holds aloof from religion.

It does not follow, however, that the Catholic worker should hold aloof from the American labor union. On the contrary, let him use it for the benefits it can secure him, his fellows, and the State, and let him wield his influence to bring religion into its purposes. Until some other course is prescribed by the ecclesiastical authorities, the Catholic worker should, as Dr. Haas advises, consider it his duty to join a union. Like other imperfect associations in an imperfect world, the American labor union may, for sufficient reason, be used, until something better can be provided.

Sister Scholastica

THREE weeks ago, the church of St. Patrick, in the city of Chicago, was filled with mourners. They had come to pay the last external tribute of affection and respect to Sister Scholastica.

Seventy-seven years ago, Anna Brenner was born in Georgia, and there she grew to young womanhood. Hearing the call of the Master, she sought and won admission among the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. When scarcely twenty years of age, she was assigned to teach in the school attached to St. Patrick's church. There she remained for fifty-seven years, and there she died.

Her daily life was filled with a thousand incidents. These began with her morning meditation, and ran through the busy classroom hours to the "last visit" to the Blessed Sacrament, immediately before retiring at the end of a long laborious day. Most of us find it difficult to be faithful to a round of ordinary duties for a week, but Sister Scholastica was faithful to an exacting round of onerous duties for more than half a century. Her life was simple, undistinguished even, except for its extraordinary fidelity, and the biographer would be hard pressed to gather material enough for a slender volume.

Well is it for the children of God that the judgments of men are not the judgments of their Father in Heaven. There was little in the life of Sister Scholastica to attract the attention of the world, but the Angels must have smiled with happiness as year after year she gathered a little flock on the same sunny hillside at St. Patrick's. They recalled the day when the Divine Lover bade the dour Apostles bring the little ones to Him, and then with especial solicitude stretched out the shadow of their mighty wings over the children of St. Patrick's. And there was joy, surely, in the Heart of Christ, as year after year for fifty-seven years, Sister Scholastica taught the children to praise, revere, and serve Almighty God.

Only in the Catholic Church will you find Sister Scholastica and her sisters. They are truly the valiant women in Israel, and their children shall rise up to praise them.

Note and Comment

Geneva and Washington

THERE is one capital in Europe where an American is always sure of a sympathetic audience. That city is not located on the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Spree; it nestles by the turquoise-like waters of the Rhone and Lake Léman. In spite of the indifference, suspicion and rebuffs which still emanate from Washington, Geneva is still incurably Americanophile. John Bull may regard the New Deal with amused contempt; Marianne may be frankly skeptical (though hopeful); but the Citizen of the World, resident at Geneva, finds in the N. R. A. much matter for reflection, if not for guidance. As these lines are written, the League of Nations through its International Labor Office is publishing a volume giving in English, French and German the texts of the chief laws and most important codes in the Roosevelt recovery program. This volume will be Europe's source book on the American experiment and insure for the latter respectful attention in quarters where non-European projects ordinarily receive little more than an indulgent smile. The officials in the International Labor Office are particularly impressed by the concerted drive in the United States for public works, shorter hours, and higher pay. These have been measures which the bureau, staffed by experts on the labor problem, has been advocating for years. They consider the results attained to date by President Roosevelt to be distinctly encouraging.

Famine in Russia?

ABSURD! Ridiculous! Preposterous! according to the New York Times Moscow correspondent, is the report that there is now famine in Russia. Times were hard; there was a battle for food, collectivization had to be accomplished by violence, for it was "war," but that is now over. In person, he has visited the North Caucasus, motored through 200 miles of farm country in Ukraina,

and in both regions he saw some collective farms flourishing; young people converted to collectivism, grain pouring into the Government granaries, etc. As for the former inhabitants, the kulaks, who complained about starvation, they are now simply exiled or killed off, so what does that matter? Yet the United Russian National Organizations in America are issuing a desperate appeal to the American Red Cross for famine relief. The stricken area, so they say, runs "from Kiev on the Dniepr to Orenburg, and southward, from the Don Basin to the Black and Caspian Seas"; affecting at least forty per cent of 50,000,000 to 55,000,000 people. This appeal is borne out by numberless letters that have crossed the Soviet border and come into American, Russian, German, and Ukrainian hands. What are we to believe? Or is the whole matter purely speculative? Until further information is forthcoming, two simple principles may cause us to suspend judgment before accepting the report of the optimists. First, by their own confession, the famine of class enemies is not famine, in the Marxist ideology. If a hundred, or a million, or fifty million people have been designated as kulaks or class enemies, what afflicts them is only "food shortage," an incident of the campaign for a Socialist State, and nothing more. Second, a universal negative is not disproved by a few single affirmations. Anyone might make a tour of the Atlantic Coast, these days, and fail utterly to note any signs of damage from the storms that have recently swept it; particularly if his moves were skilfully guided by, let us say, local Chambers of Commerce. What of a country whose area is 8,440,000 square miles? Some rules of logic may be invoked, before the pro's and con's are passed upon.

At the End of the Trail

THE old Spanish chroniclers had a taste for excess verbiage and wrote history sonorously. When, for instance, they came to speak of De Vargas' reconquest of Santa Fé, this is what they wrote—with a pretty obvious pleasure in the roll and thunder of the ancient names: "In 1692, Don Diego de Vargas Zapata y Lujan Ponce de Leon made his entrada into the Villa Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco." But whether chronicled majestically or simply, the memorable event is one that has never been forgotten by the little brown city that is now New Mexico's capital. Annually, for the past 220 years, the inhabitants have commemorated it with a fiesta during which the town bursts into a riot of color and gaiety. There are exhibitions of pottery, basket weaving, silver work, wood carving, embroidery and blanket making. The staidest of business men don the romantic costume of the caballeros, while full silk dresses, high combs, and Spanish shawls change their wives and daughters into Señoras and Señoritas. There are Indian ceremonies, Mexican food, American music, Spanish dances, and a brilliant historical pageant. The large number of nationally famous artists and writers who have recently taken up residence in this region where death came for the archbishop enter enthusiastically into the carnival. It is all pretty gay and amusing. The crowning event of the fiesta,

however, is religious—a vesper service at Archbishop Lamy's old cathedral, followed by a procession to the cross of the Franciscan martyrs. Early this month more than 4,000 people, carrying blessed candles and representing every race, class, and religion in Santa Fé, walked in the night pilgrimage to the hill top. There, at the foot of the martyrs' cross, Archbishop Gerken preached a sermon in Spanish and English.

His Name Was Moriarity

CHICAGO'S judges, one of them in particular, seem determined to permit nothing to interfere with what the *Billboard*, an amusement weekly, calls the "nasty" shows at A Century of Progress Exposition. In presenting a case last week, the prosecutor stated that his chief witness would be a policeman. "What's his name?" inquired the bench. "His name is Moriarity, your honor." "Moriarity," sneered Judge David. "And he thinks he's an art critic, does he?" This was a gratuitous fling, since, as the *Billboard* remarks, what characterizes the majority of these exhibitions is neither art nor even a pretense of art, but dirt. "Never in the history of exhibitions," writes Nat Green in that publication, "has there been such a deluge of vulgarity as has been on exhibition at the Century of Progress." Judge David, however, ruled that no injunction could be issued against what seems to be a particularly offensive exhibition, and Policeman Moriarity's testimony went for nothing. Incidentally, Mr. Green asks what this World's Fair will do to help the show business, and he answers that it has little that is "new, original, or unique" in the way of shows. He thinks that the promoters made a serious mistake when they matched "the vulgarity that has been, one may safely say, the central motif of the Fair," for dollars, and "so cheapened themselves as to permit these 'gyp' joints to operate." Protesting that he is not "looking at the matter from the standpoint of morals," Mr. Green concludes that one deplorable result of A Century of Progress will be a flare-up of objectionable shows all over the country. Yet some playhouse managers wonder why censorship impends.

New Social Justice Bulletin

IT is a sign of the providential progress made by the Catholic League for Social Justice that its latest bulletin has appeared in printed form, under the title of the *Social Justice Bulletin*. Its editor announces that the crusade has now been established by episcopal authority in fifty-four dioceses in the United States, six in Canada, and eighteen in Mexico. Thus Catholics in the whole North American continent are widely united in a movement that stresses above all the spiritual aspects of our economic life and the importance of prayer and the Sacraments in the attainment of practical and material ends. The remarkable part of the rapid spread of this movement is the large number of laymen who have been appointed by the local Ordinary or with his approval to act as promoters of it. It is well known that a part of the pledge taken by the

crusaders is to assist at Mass at least once a week besides Sunday. Thus, for instance, in one large Brooklyn, N. Y., parish two Masses on Thursday morning are "social-justice Masses," and the average attendance of men at these Masses is 150, most of whom also receive Holy Communion for the intention of the League—the coming of the reign of social justice in individual lives and in corporate relations. The editor of the *Bulletin*, Michael O'Shaughnessy, at New Canaan, Conn., writes that hereafter it will be devoted to comment and news on the general progress of the ideas of social justice in this country and the world at large, and that to make it self-supporting a charge of \$1.00 a year will be made for subscriptions. Promoters of the movement will find the *Bulletin* valuable in coordinating and inspiring their work.

Catholic Print Shops

THE NRA has supplied certain branches of Catholic activity with a serious problem and an unforeseen one. The master code of the printing industry provides that hereafter printing shops run by State, Church, educational, and charitable institutions will be unable to compete with general printing shops in doing work for the public as they have heretofore. At first sight this would seem to strike a severe blow at many institutions, and at the same time, from the business man's point of view, to be a perfectly justified effort to eliminate what some would be inclined to call an unfair competitive trade practice. Further information, however, will reveal a great distinction between those shops which employ union labor and pay union wages and those which use the unpaid labor of the inmates of an institution. The former class, by far the larger, should be allowed to compete for public work on the same general terms as those of any other shop. The latter class, which uses the labor of inmates and thus supports the institution, if they are to be put out of business, should in all justice be taken into consideration. If they are not, they will have to be supported by the public funds in some other way, and maybe a more burdensome one. This certainly would not help the aims of the NRA, which is to free the people's purchasing power in every way possible. This more universal view of the situation is recommended to the officials of the National Recovery Administration for their consideration.

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Will the Negro Go "Red"?

JOHN T. GILLARD, S.S.J., Ph.D.

IN "A Statement on the Present Crisis," issued recently by the Bishops of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, it is encouraging to read that notice has been taken of the increased and increasing "red menace" as regards the 12,000,000 Negroes in the United States. "There is very grave and subtle danger of infection from Communism. Special efforts are being made to win the Negroes, who are the victims of injustice." Recognition of the danger and of our Catholic responsibility in the matter is certainly a long step in the right direction.

For a long time now it has been more than evident that Communism had moved into the forefront of the American race struggle with all its race hatred, atheism, and revolutionary ideas. The general appeals of Communism are calculated to be especially appealing to the Negroes. As the Bishops note, "the brotherhood of man is loud'y proclaimed; energetic protest is made against injustice done the working classes; the abuses of the capitalistic system are vigorously condemned; it is insisted that man shall not exploit his fellow-man, nor class dominate class."

All sane men—and none more so than long-headed Negro leaders themselves—know full well that the Communists are merely baiting America's black and brown citizens. Yet it is astonishing the number of prominent race men, not to mention the inconspicuous members of the group, who are lending their ears to be tickled and their minds to be regaled with Utopian dreams. In our dealings with Negroes most of us persist in fondly imagining that the mere closing of our eyes to the situation and its tragic possibilities will remove effectively the specter of impending disaster in race relations.

While the Catholic Church as such has always preserved inflexible her position on the inherent rights and corresponding duties of all men, regardless of race or social status, the same cannot be said of all those who stand beneath the cross of Christ. Even as the Church marks the Negro with the Sign of the Cross, Christians are branding him with the sign of Cain. And precisely because American Christians are Americanly un-Christian in their daily dealing with the Negro, Communism is handed a convincing leverage in its fight against the Christian religion.

The wholesale desertion of Christian churches by the Negro intelligentsia is discouraging to those of us who count Sunday noses in Sunday pews. The utter indifference of millions of the masses to even the rudimentary influences of religion portends serious years ahead if Communism is not prevented from bringing its "world war on God and the complete destruction of all supernatural and even natural religion" to the Negro. Rayford W. Logan, recently appointed professor at Atlanta University, in speaking before the Washington, D. C., Young Peoples'

Forum, clearly revealed thoughts out of many hearts:

My thesis is this: The Church has been unable to create a better day for the Negro. . . . I am talking about the prevailing attitude of the Christian Churches, Catholic and Protestant. I am talking about the prevailing attitude of the great majority of the congregations and the pulpit. . . . With few exceptions the Church can be said today to be largely responsible for the many hardships and injustices from which Negroes suffer. We live in a Christian country and we live in a country in which Christians commit acts of discrimination, peonage, and lynching.

In company with every other Christian Church the Catholic Church stands under suspicion. The Negro asks for bread and we hand him a stone. Any people championing at the bit of social injustice will grow restless if left hitched to the post of indifference. Now no one, least of all the Negro, will deny that there are manifold and serious obstacles in the way of achieving immediate race parity in the commonplaces of life; but temporary setbacks from contemporary set-ups are hardly sufficient excuses for soft-pedaling eternal principles.

With a Bible in one hand and a hoe in the other, from earliest days the Negro has looked up into the sky of Christianity and beheld the pillar of promise and the cloud of hope. He had implicit faith in the ability of religion to lead him into the Land of Promise. But during all these years his pillar of cloud has not moved perceptibly. Even after four times forty years he finds himself in the desert of despair. True, he has found occasional Horebs and has been nourished with the quails of many individual kindnesses, but in the main his soul continues to be seared with the burning suns of injustice. Small wonder, then, that a newer generation longs for the fleshpots of materialism and the leeks of wordly comfort.

Communism, in the disarming robe of a new prophet, seemingly comes to the aid of the Negro with what is now suavely called "a new religion." Dr. Mordecai Johnson, President of Howard University, Washington, D. C., in his baccalaureate sermon to this year's graduates of that institution, was stenographically reported in a Negro newspaper as follows:

This new religion is called Communism and is based upon the determination to make economic and political institutions, the family life, and personal relations subject themselves and be ordered by this comprehensive belief that is entrusted in the hands of the church. In the western world we are afraid of that religion. We have sought to break it down by the use of armies. We have failed and have refused to recognize the state brought to pass by that religion, and we are on our guard lest those beliefs generate into the body of our national life.

The Congress (then in session) took time out to cast more than a passing glance in the Doctor's direction. The *Congressional Record* (June 13 and 14, 1933) contains the following as having been said by a certain Mr. Bulwinkle, of North Carolina:

In this entire speech this man, whom the Government of the United States through a board of trustees has placed in charge of a college for the Negro race, and which is costing the Gov-

ernment of the United States a million dollars for next year, advocates the doing away with all religions, because he says both the Protestant and the Catholic religions have fallen down, and that Communism is the religion for America in the future. I call this to the attention of the House.

While it is true that the honored President of Howard issued a subsequent statement in which he declared "I am not a Communist," nevertheless it would seem that this is not the first time his statements have had a reddish tinge. Representative Blanton had read into the *Record* a quotation from the *New York Age*, a Negro national weekly. The quotation is from an address Dr. Johnson is alleged to have made before an audience in a New York church. The quotation is:

This president of Howard dumbfounded his audience by saying that Communism is a religion and that religion is not so much about God, but about the nature of the world, and that he did not mind being called a Communist, as the day will come when "being called a Communist will be the highest honor which can be paid to an individual," and he further said that "that day is coming soon."

Now Dr. Johnson may or may not have been misquoted. To date I have not seen a denial. The incident is mentioned at length merely to show the color of the flag which waves in some very high Negro quarters.

Many a Negro leader, on the other hand, has perspicacity enough to see that Communism as it is in practice will not work out in the United States. They oppose Communism on practical grounds only, as W. E. Burghardt DuBois, editor of the *Crisis*, a Negro journal, pointed out before the Rosenwald Economic Conference, held in Washington, D. C., a few months ago. To quote the editor:

The task I have set myself is to blunt the wedge which the Communist party is driving into our group because of these very tendencies, and I do this, not because of any enmity, or fear, or essential disagreement with the Communists. If I were in Russia I should be an enthusiastic Communist. If the Communist party in the United States had the leadership and the knowledge which our situation calls for, I certainly should join it.

While the Catholic Church is cast into the discard with all the other Churches, she has this advantage: upon discovery by thinking Negroes she is hailed as the pearl of great price. Because he is not yet very familiar with Catholicism the Negro classifies Catholicism and Protestantism under the generic term Christianity. He thus reduces his choice to a dilemma—Christianity or Communism. Unfortunately, the brand of Christianity with which he is most familiar has proved to be a desert mirage holding forth a pledge of shade and water but having no substance in reality. And when older hearts have hoped in one direction without results, younger heads will look elsewhere with new hope.

We Catholics might have better success in convincing the Negro of the beauty of the Bride of Christ if only in practice we could disassociate our minds from the Protestant heresy of the exclusiveness of salvation. Prof. Kelly Miller, a Negro educator of years and sanity, touches the sore spot and illustrates the all but embracing admiration of many Negro scholars for the Catholic Church:

Some point to the Catholic Church, whose historic policy em-

braces all men without regard to race or color. The historic Church senses its strategic opportunity, but stands appalled at the magnitude of the difficulty. The Catholic Church is willing to go the limit short of social equality. This it lacks the courage to dare in face of the Protestant majority whose creed cannot cross the color line. . . . When in Rome do as the Romans do. When among Protestants do as the Protestants do. The Catholic Church lacks the courage to violate that ancient motto and shrinks from the bold attempt to capture the Negro race.

As a religion and as an organization the Catholic Church has an unparalleled position of advantage in this country. But, as Mr. Miller and many another has pointed out, Catholics lack the courage to go all the way with Christ. In our efforts to organize Catholic Evidence Leagues and Social Justice Leagues we fail in one point: we over-emphasize Catholic evidence and under-emphasize evidence of our Catholicity. Negro thinkers admit and admire our doctrine; they question our practice. Communism gives no internal evidence worth a look, but it is giving plenty of evidence of a practical interest in America's "tenth man."

Those of us who have cast our lot, for weal or for woe, with the Negro missions, find that it is a far more discouraging task to convert the white man to true Catholicism than to convert the Negro. It would be relatively easy to convince the Negro of Catholic truth if first we could convince the Nordic of Catholic practice. So long as we find signs "These seats reserved for Negroes" in Catholic churches, so long will it take to convince the Negro that there are no reserved seats for him in the rear of our Catholic Heaven.

Because Negro institutions of higher learning would seem to be most fertile fields for Communistic cockle, we have a right to look to Catholic institutions of learning for Christian wheat. It may be difficult to convince an older generation, suffering from hardened arteries and harder hearts, that the world has changed. Heads of Catholic schools are often led into an exclusionist policy through fear that their white student bodies will resent the presence of Negroes. Let the students themselves remove that fixation by following up the lead of the recent Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Convention, Cincinnati, Ohio. Thousands of Catholic students from all parts of the country gathered there in deliberation set the pace in the following resolution:

Resolved: That the convention go on record as opposing all un-American and anti-Catholic principles embodied in race prejudices. And be it further resolved that all Crusaders refrain from acts and words which might blind the Negro to the true nature of Catholicity, and be it finally resolved that Crusaders recognize the Negro as a human being and as a citizen entitled to the essential opportunities of life and the full measure of social justice.

When mere boys and girls have intelligence enough to see the inconsistency of our racial attitudes and courage enough to speak out against them, then truly the American Negro is beginning to "go red"—but not Russian red! He is beginning to be washed in the red blood of honest Catholicism dripping from the Heart of Christ and saving all men without respect to race. The Negro in America does not need a new religion. He does want a new interpretation of the old religion.

The Centenary of Solesmes Chant

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

SPEAKING at the hundredth anniversary of the restoration of the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes, on July 11 of this year, Msgr. Grente, the eloquent Bishop of Le Mans, in whose diocese the Abbey is situated, used the expressive phrase: *Quel état et quel état!* "What a state (of things then) and what a state (of things now)!"

When the youthful Canon Prosper Guéranger visited in July, 1831, the Priory of Solesmes, that had been established in 1010, he found there nothing but a venerable relic, already marked for demolition; and used merely as a picnic place for casual tourists. The Sisters of the Visitation at Le Mans, in 1832, made a novena in union with him, the result of which was a gift from two devout ladies of about \$1,000, with which he was able to purchase the Abbey and move in there, on July 11, 1833, the Feast of St. Benedict's Translation, with four other companions, only one of whom, the Abbé Fonteinne, persevered. Dom Guéranger was professed as a Benedictine monk in Rome on July 26, 1837, and was formally installed as Abbot of the restored monastery on October 31 of the same year. The monasteries at Ligugé and Marseilles and the neighboring Convent of St. Cecilia were founded during his lifetime. It was during those long and fruitful years, which closed on January 28, 1874, that Dom Guéranger unfolded his great literary activity, giving to the world that popular Bible of the liturgy, the "Christian Year," as well as his other works.

Abbot Guéranger was a battler, not for the liturgy alone, but for Christian truth and rights. Pius IX called him, in private, *Dom Guerroyer*, or "Warrior"; and, in his Brief of March 29, 1875, addressed to Mgr. Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, termed him: "An instrument essentially prepared by God for France to raise up the Religious Orders, a mainstay for the Roman Church to re-establish the unity of rites that were destroyed by the vices of the times, to bring out into the clearest light the privileges and rights of the Apostolic See, and to refute the errors and sophisms which are boasted of as the glory of our age." As for the many rites, St. Vincent de Paul, two centuries earlier, had thrown the vehemence of his reform against that "diversity of ceremonies," to use his own words, "which would make you ashamed." The incredible abuses that St. Vincent attacked were long since eradicated, but it remained for Dom Guéranger to lay the foundation of the present unity.

A century later, "what a state!" Five Bishops, eighty monks, thirteen Abbots of as many monasteries, all daughters of the Solesmes foundation, representing 700 Religious men and 300 Religious women, gathered again on the Feast of St. Benedict's translation to chant once more Psalm cxxv, *In convertendo*, "When the Lord brought back the captivity of Sion," with which Guéranger and his companions had made their first entry into Solesmes. The solemn celebration of the Divine Office and the Mass,

learned and moving discourses, and a banquet partaken of in monastic silence, marked the day. And through it all was the great sustaining power of the world-famous chant of Solesmes.

So much has been said and written about the Solesmes chant that, as St. Jerome said of the writings of St. Cyprian, it would be superfluous to compose further testimonies in its praise. All kinds of people, from Veuillot and Huysmans on, have visited Solesmes, and have been profoundly impressed with the majesty, the unearthly peace, the soaring fervor of the liturgical prayer of the Church as interpreted by the monks. That is to say, with the exception of Hippolyte Taine, who is narrated to have taken a look around and departed pronto with the remark: "Those monks are not ascetics." Which apparently meant that they were not melancholy mutes.

The restoration was a vast work. Wrote Father Vincent Donovan, O.P., in the *Commonweal*:

Dom Guéranger's aim from the beginning was "to restore Gregorian, by an integral return to antiquity," a very difficult task, because the traditional chant lay buried under several centuries of indifference and abuse. It had to be dug up, deciphered, interpreted, and restored like the ruins of ancient Egypt, Greece, or Rome. It was a tremendous undertaking, but it progressed under the hand of Dom Guéranger's successor, Dom Pothier. . . .

It remained for his assistant and pupil, Dom André Mocquereau to continue and bring to a happy completion the work of Gregorian Restoration. . . . This was the beginning of the fame of Solesmes. The beauty of their chant began to be commented upon. This was due to the intelligent artistry of Dom Mocquereau.

But Dom Mocquereau knew that he must have more than beauty to win conviction to the truth. He must have the science which underlies the truth. . . . His eventual work, called the *Paléographie Musicale*, of which eleven (11) volumes are now completed, is a monument of historical and scientific research and is the attainment of Dom Mocquereau's aim. . . . Not only have these monks restored the traditional and true melody for every piece in the repertoire of the Liturgy, but they have rediscovered and revived something which was even more elusive, the traditional rhythm which also had lain really a lost art, buried under three centuries of decay. . . .

The Church, while endorsing the chant as restored by Dom Mocquereau as the official version for use in the Western Church, makes no pronouncement as to the intrinsic merits of his theories; and discussion is still free for those of other schools, such as the so-called Mensuralists, who believe in a different interpretation to the ancient rhythmic signs.

Leaving such questions to the scholars, the uninitiated may venture a guess as to the spell of Solesmes.

The chant of the Church is a witness to the Faith, not uncomparable to martyrdom. Not only because it proclaims the Faith, witnessing objectively, but it the subject himself witnesses: the act of proclaiming through a lifetime of chant is itself a *martyrium*, a heroic offering of soul and body to confirm the great Fact of the Living Presence of the Risen Christ in the world. The Gregorian chant witnesses to a soul giving itself entirely to its

Creator, not once, not in a passing state of mind, but always, for a lifetime, established by vow, through the medium of a sublime usage. This thought is expressed by the Rev. E. Harriott, D.D., in the (London) *Clergy Review* for September, 1933 (*italics mine*):

Gregorian is pre-eminently the song of devotion because it is the song of orthodox devotion; and because the orthodox demands our submission, and dwarfs our human philosophies by reason of its Divine origin, so Gregorian is greater and more spacious than any other form of church music made by men. It is not the expression of a single pious mood in a nature wavering between God and the world, but it is the full expression of the whole nature of the soul abandoning itself, utterly, to God.

And as martyrdom is a joyous thing, not a grim mood of resignation, so is Gregorian not the song of a stained-glass soul in a dehydrated body; but of living and virile men. Says Father Harriott:

There is a true and there is a false appreciation of Gregorian. There are many of its avowed champions who praise it for fantastic reasons. They call it sober, restrained, and austere, when in fact it is rich, impetuous, and unrestrained. Those who have only heard Gregorian sung by boys or by nuns—and not, for example, by the Solesmes monks—must imagine it to be a mild, placid, dove-like creature. But if, to choose a convenient metaphor, church choirs have trained the lion to lie down with the lamb, it is the chant which plays the role of lion, though one sometimes regrets that it is not a lion rampant. For Gregorian is essentially something strong and earnest and impassioned. It is in its own sphere an expression of spiritual exultation. It is exuberant and joyful beyond any other musical art-form.

Gregorian, too, is a great comforter or strengthener in this age of uncertainty and distrust, because it is a tangible, audible work of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter and the Paraclete. It is a texture that He has woven, and that is spread for our spiritual sense to enjoy. Not, of course, that the Holy Spirit has inspired every detail of the official chant of the Church. Far from it: there are stars of many magnitudes in the Gregorian heavens. Alongside of glorious chants there are some which are prolix, some which are even mediocre. But as a whole, taken in its great variety and unity, it is a Divine work: the objective *opus Dei*, as its rendering is the subjective or personal *opus Dei*, or task of God.

It is indeed uncomfortable to live in a great city, where all the art and science of the world are available, and yet be dependent upon phonograph records and the singing of college girls for a concept of the chant of Solesmes. Yet for that much one is grateful, and each of these agencies has a lesson of its own.

The college girls are the pupils of Pius X Liturgical School, of the College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, who give annual renderings of the chant not only in New York, but in several other large cities. Antiphons and offertories sung upon the stage of the Town Hall are, of course educational and artistic performances, not worship. But the placing of the mysteries of the sanctuary under the secular microscope, as it were, has one striking effect. It reveals the *cultural* possession with which the chant has enriched the Church: and, thereby the lives of Catholics. Since we live here in a non-Catholic, a Protestant or a pagan culture; since we deplore so bitterly our lack of Catholic culture, why should not all our

Catholic schools and colleges exult in the possibility that they can learn and transmit to the future this great Catholic heritage? The non-Catholic world appreciates it, craves for it. We have the science, or can learn the science of its rhythm and melody from the Benedictines, its authorized guardians. Then why should we not make it a great Catholic "specialty," and do generally, what is already being done in a few Catholic universities and colleges of this country?

Certain inner secrets, naturally, will remain forever the prerogative of the monks—alone. But there are other elements of the chant lore which are the property of all the Church. Were this done by our Catholic schools of learning, it would make the task vastly easier of popularizing those simplest elements of the chant, which formerly, and in other lands, were sung by the Catholic people at large. John J. Fehring, writing in the issue of *AMERICA* for July 22, 1933, reminded us how this work of popularization is being carried on in the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, whose Archbishop made the pregnant suggestion, speaking on September 3 to the colored Catholics in Cleveland, that this race, gifted naturally with musical sense and power of expression, should lead in the popular usage of the chant, and thus build a mighty stone into the temple of American Catholicism.

The phonograph, of course, is but a second-hand affair, though a marvel of reproduction. Yet by means of the Solesmes records the chant has been brought to the most unlikely hearers, to the most out-of-the-way places. The last time that I listened to these records was at Auriesville, N. Y., at the Martyr's Shrine, where Father Peter A. Cusick, S.J., presiding genius of the Shrine, has installed an amplifying system that carries the melody of the chant out over the plateau where St. Isaac Jogues and his companions suffered torture and died for the Faith. I wondered, as I looked out over that glorious Mohawk Valley and heard the tones—a bit scratchy, but still grand—what ineffable consolation those sublime words and melodies would have brought to Jogues from his native land, if he had heard them in the insufferable hours of captivity. This leap across time and space reminded me of the tremendous *liveness* of what was thus reproduced. The words sung were *living* words, inspired by the Spirit of God, piercing Heaven, and drawing down forgiveness and blessing upon mankind.

They were sung by living men; who, in their turn, were living the life of the chant. They were thus the expression of a life; not the expression of a mood, or a passing emotion. Nor were they like a fabric; made by living hands, but itself lifeless and impassive. And this life *was* a life, because the singers were one with the living Christ. The chant was the voice of the Spirit of God speaking through Christ's own brethren.

The witness, or *martyrium*, that Jogues and his companions performed in one act of flame-like heroism, is being fulfilled over centuries by the long patient labor of Solesmes. Both are perfect in their kind; both are for the same great end: that men may know Him, who is the living God.

"Silent Night"

THOMAS BUTLER FEENEY, S.J.

CHARACTERS:

JOHN—A man of twenty-five, dark hair, good looking, kindly—you finish it.

MAURA—A little girl of six years, blue eyes, golden curls, eager, beautiful—you'd simply have to see her.

THE MOTHER—That is, of Maura, and sister-in-law to John. She is not important, although upon second thought she must be, because her daughter is. She too ought to be beautiful and charming; but it doesn't always follow, does it?

TIME: The June.

SCENE: The lovely little playroom of the lovely little girl.

A thousand clowns are chasing a thousand rabbits all over the walls and a hundred moons are rising above a hundred hills. The floor is flowered with tiny furniture and multi-colored, multi-mannered toys. John is seated in the one big chair. Maura is winding a tin turtle. The Mother is downstairs making ready the dinner. Suddenly, one of the walls disappears into the sky. Behind the scenes, Michael Moriarty accomplishes this miracle of the curtain by plunging in an electric lever. He doesn't come into the play, but he ought to. Maybe he will walk into a sequel.

JOHN: (*Smiling at Maura*) Will the turtle bite?

MAURA: No, silly, it's a toy turtle.

JOHN: How do you know it's a toy turtle?

MAURA: Because you have to wind it. See—how he walks.

JOHN: Real turtles walk, too. Maybe it's real.

MAURA: Did you hear this doll cry? You bend her over and she cries.

JOHN: If I bend you over like that, will you cry?

MAURA: No! I'm not a doll. Did you see the cow? Bend his neck and he goes "Moo!"

JOHN: Does he cry too?

MAURA: No—you don't understand. Cows don't cry, they give milk.

JOHN: Does this cow give milk?

MAURA: No! He's only a make-believe cow. Bend his neck!

(*John bends the cow's neck and sure enough it goes "Moo." The little one laughs. It is like the laughter of a young brook all out of breath from running down the hill. John bends the neck many times not to make the cow "moo," but to make Maura laugh.*)

Did you see the polo bear?

JOHN: Oh!—he's a fine one. Where did you get the fur coat for him?

MAURA: That's not his coat. That's his skin. They're born that way.

JOHN: Was your doll born with her clothes?

MAURA: You don't understand anything.

JOHN: That's a nice way to treat me, isn't it?

MAURA: How old are you?

JOHN: Eleven.

MAURA: I'm six.

JOHN: Can you count up to eleven?

MAURA: Give me the polo bear, I'm going to put him to bed.

JOHN: In the doll carriage?

MAURA: Yes.

(*She puts him in and tucks the clothes around him.*)

JOHN: Don't you think he'll be a trifle warm—especially since it's summer out, you know? (*She pays no attention.*) I say—don't you think the bear is warm enough as he is?

MAURA: Have you ever been a polo bear?

JOHN: Not that I remember.

MAURA: Well then, shut up!

(*John makes believe he is hurt and, as a matter of fact, he is. He covers his face with his hands and pretends to cry. She comes over to him, pulls his hands down and looks up at him. Her eyes are at once sorrowful, mischievous, wonderful—a strange confusion of music, color, and scent. Finally, with blinding innocence, she says:*)

It wasn't me who said that!

JOHN: (*Gravely*) No?

MAURA: No—it was my guardian angel.

(*She returns to the doll carriage*)

Kneel down!

(*John cannot understand why he does it, but he kneels, first looking around to see that no one is at the door. She kneels likewise. She folds her hands as in prayer.*)

Fold your hands!

(*John obeys.*)

Now we're in Bethlehem. The room is the cave and the carriage is the crib. And you—you can be St. Joseph, or would you rather be the wise men from the yeast?

JOHN: I'd rather be St. Joseph.

MAURA: All right—you're him. The cow can be the ox and the turtle can be the shepherds and the jack-in-a-box can be Adam and Eve. The Blessed Virgin is in the crib and I'm the Infant Jesus.

JOHN: (*Trying not to be disedified*) But the Infant should be in the crib, shouldn't He? And certainly a polar bear—

MAURA: Sing "Silent Night."

JOHN: You didn't answer—

MAURA: (*Commanding him*) Sing "Silent Night"!

JOHN: (*Never being able to explain why, sings softly*)

Silent night, holy night,

All is calm, all is bright

Round yon Virgin Mother and Child

Holy Infant so tender and mild—

THE MOTHER: (*Calling from downstairs*) Maura!

MAURA: (*Placing her folded fingers against her lips surreptitiously*) Sh!

THE MOTHER: Maura.

MAURA: (*Whispering*) She doesn't know it's Christmas.

THE MOTHER: Maura, dear! Bring John downstairs now; dinner is ready.

MAURA: (*Calling*) Well, we're playing Bethlehem—and you'll have to wait until Christ the Saviour is borned. (*There is no answer. Maura resumes with John.*) Am I the Blessed Virgin?

JOHN: That's better.

MAURA: And is He God? (*pointing to the carriage.*)

JOHN: We're playing that he is.

MAURA: Well—if it wasn't for Him you'd be in hell.

(*She smiles at him from her blissful Heaven as though, by some odd contradiction, she somehow realized that the use of reason had not yet made her capable of sin—and her soul was still as blanch as snow.*)

Now, I'll sing.

(*In a small, sweet voice that one would expect to come only from the chalice of a flower, she sings*):

Sleep Little Jesus under the moon,
Your Father will take You
Back home to Him soon.

Sleep Little Jesus, don't shed any tears,
You'll stay in our lonely land
Just a few years.

Your little girl-mother will watch through the night,
Her arms shall not fail You—
Her eyes are your light—

How men will treat You, I'd rather not tell—
Sleep Little Jesus,
I love You well.

Isn't that nice? I sang it once in a play at school.

(*John is deeply moved by the dulcet artlessness of her singing. With a sudden impulse he gathers her into his arms. She stands and looks at him as he kneels to her in genuine devotion. She surveys his eyes and, with the almost dawning of a smile, puts the index finger of her right hand against his nose.*)

JOHN: Listen, darling! You be the first who ever thought of it. You be the first to stay a child forever. Make up your mind firmly and irrevocably not to grow—not to change—never to be anyone else but little Maura. You are the glory of the world. You are what all the women of earth are trying to be and they cannot. They have grown and grown, and then suddenly one fair night in June, maybe, looking in the mirror as they are combing their hair for bed—suddenly they discover their mistake. With a fearful frenzy, they try to re-trace—to go back the way they came until they arrive at you. They yearn to look like you, to be like you, to have your little heart and your angel mind and your winning ways. But they are snagged in the processes of maturity. And so am I. That's why I cannot say what I want and make you understand me. Why do you have to grow? Why do you have to give away the soft, innocent curling, the petal-brightness of your lips? Why do you have to shake off from your brow the ring of light that glimmers there and girdles your hair just where it begins to fall into small and silk cascades? Why must you beat afar from your soul the nested Dove who trembles and coos with silver dwelling, with the silent whiteness of a cloud—the Dove who at this moment wakens the gushing of blue ecstasies

that light and re-light your eyes—who shudders your flesh and body with the curve and the look and the grace and the gesture and the milk and the rose that all but scream the Name of God. Maybe you don't have to grow, my darling. Be the first to discover it. Make up your mind. Tell me you will. Repeat this after me—say, "I will not grow!"

MAURA: Was that a piece?

JOHN: (*Appealingly*) Promise me you won't grow up.

MAURA: But if I don't grow, how can I wear high heels?

JOHN: (*Tenderly*) Say just this for me, "I will not grow!"

MAURA: (*Covering his eyes with her hands, whispering*) I will not grow!

(*John kisses her and as their lips are touching, water upon wine, the Mother opens the door.*)

THE MOTHER: Oh my!—the romantic age.

MAURA: (*Running to her mother*) Is it better not to grow up, Mother?

THE MOTHER: Evidently it is, honey. John never kissed me like that.

MAURA: I kissed him, too.

(*They laugh.*)

THE MOTHER: I think you two need a chaperon.

(*She smiles at John who has stood and taken with him the tin turtle which he winds as a relief for the inexplicable embarrassment which has possessed him.*)

Well, let's down to dinner, my children. And what do you think I have for you? It's lobster à la Newburg. Do you like it, John?

JOHN: (*Thinking of Newburg and Newport and iceberg and turtle soup*) I think it's stunning.

THE MOTHER: Stunning? Come quickly, my dear—you need food.

(*She goes out. John sets the turtle walking on the floor. It comes to a half-step halt against a chair.*)

MAURA: (*Whispering*) You know—when you kissed me?

JOHN: Yes.

MAURA: You didn't kiss me.

JOHN: No?

MAURA: No!—and I didn't kiss you.

JOHN: Don't tell me it was your guardian angel.

MAURA: No—it was St. Joseph kissing Our Blessed Mother.

JOHN: (*Smiling down at her with added wonder*) That's right—so it was.

MAURA: And I said: "I will not grow!"

JOHN: Maybe I shouldn't have made you say it, darling.

MAURA: John?

JOHN: Yes, dear?

MAURA: After dinner let's do the Crucifixion.

JOHN: (*Very tenderly*) Well—if not after dinner—maybe tomorrow.

MAURA: All right then—tomorrow.

(*John takes her hand and as they start to go they look around at their sorry little Bethlehem. And suddenly Michael Moriarty plunges the lever and everything disappears. We'll have to put this Moriarty into a play.*)

Education

Democracy's Frankenstein Monster

DAN W. GILBERT

ONE of the fundamental theories underlying the creation and expansion of a tax-supported public educational system in America is that public schools are efficient and enduring safeguards of democratic government. The case for free secular education, since the days of Horace Mann, has been built to an important degree upon the postulate that State-subsidized, non-religious institutions of learning are the essential "cornerstones of democracy"; that democratic government can never fall in a nation where a "little red school house stands on every hill."

It takes little memory to recall the days when the voting of unending issues of school bonds was deemed a "patriotic duty"; when citizens of every school district in the nation were responding to the call "to strengthen the fortresses of democracy." With almost wartime fervor States competed against States, cities vied with cities, in a frantic race to see which could lay the greater tax burden upon its citizens for the erection of the most magnificent schooling facilities. But it was all done in the faith and the belief that every dollar invested in public education helped to make better citizens of the rising generation, helped to insure the preservation of our national ideals and institutions of government. To suggest the placing of a limit upon expenditures for secular schooling was considered tantamount to an attempt to circumscribe patriotism. To oppose the flotation of additional school bonds, regardless of their nature or necessity, was looked upon as un-American, unpatriotic, and sometimes even treasonable. We are all well acquainted with the era during which our public educational system was almost fantastically expanded, however, and most of us are beginning to ponder the interaction of present changed conditions upon this gargantuan organization for secular education.

Indeed, we are compelled to begin to wonder what is the meaning of the unmistakably ominous shadow cast over legislative halls by our towering educational edifices. Has our secular educational system attained such magnitude that it defies control? Is it an "Old Man of the Sea" upon the back of our citizenry? Have we built up a gigantic institution of universal education in the belief that we were building an ever-vigilant protector of democracy, only to find we have created a Frankenstein monster which will destroy our republic? There are two reasons to believe there is grave danger that this will prove to be the case.

The first is that the cost of supporting this huge educational system imposes a burden upon American taxpayers which they cannot and will not continue indefinitely to bear. History attests that the willingness of a people to be taxed has its limitations; no government has ever endured which persisted in taxing its citizens more than one-third of their annual income. America today is per-

ilously near the point where additional impositions of taxes cannot fail to act as incitements to revolution. Our national income for the preceding year is estimated at thirty-seven billion dollars; our combined tax bill is estimated roughly at thirteen billion dollars. After deducting the cost of the Federal Government, we find approximately nine billion dollars was expended by State, county, and city governing bodies; of this total expended by State and local governments an amount varying in different regions from one-fifth to one-half went for education.

The most distressing feature about the high cost of secular education is that it is continually mounting. Every year shows education taking a larger slice of the tax dollar. The progressive Governor of one of our wealthiest States recently told the convening legislature, in response to its demands for tax reduction, that the budget not only could not be decreased, but must constantly be increased unless the State Constitution itself were amended to decrease appropriations for education. The Constitution of this State, like many others, requires a fixed appropriation for the education of every child regularly attending a public institution of learning; hence it is inevitable that, with an increasing population, there must be an increasingly great appropriation for education. Depression or no depression, this process of progressive financial strangulation of the people must go on! And the very suggestion of reducing the constitutional outlay for education is smothered under the outraged protests of self-styled "friends of education" and organized teachers' associations.

What possible advantage accrues from taxing agriculture and industry into bankruptcy, in order to supply an excessively expensive education to young men and young women who will have no access to employment upon graduating from high school or college, is rather difficult to imagine. Under this system, the price young men and young women must pay for "free" education is the relinquishment of any possibility of benefiting from their schooling—for it is a reasonable certainty that so long as this system of constantly increasing taxes continues, opportunities for employment will be constantly lessened. There is obviously little sanity in so expensively and expertly equipping young people for service in the commercial world that the cost thereof crushes the very life out of agriculture and industry, thereby destroying opportunity for service in vast fields of human endeavor.

Whether or not, in face of the organizations and massed prejudice against reducing educational outlays, the burden of supporting public education can be diminished to proportions commensurate with the sustaining powers of the people, it is not my purpose to discuss. One need not be an acute observer to know that the prospects for any substantial retrenchment along these lines are pitifully slight. Nor does it take a prophet to discern that democracy will be within the shadow of doom unless and until our educational Frankenstein is subjected to the restraints of common sense.

The second reason for believing that our State educational institutions threaten the life of our democracy lies in

an examination of the overt and covert assaults being made upon our form of government in the very institutions which are supposed to be its safeguards. Tax-supported universities and colleges, and high schools, too, have only too often been converted into recruiting stations for movements which aim at the overthrow of democratic government in this nation. Socialists, Communists, and every type of radicals have found tax-supported institutions of learning veritable havens where, under the protecting mantle of "academic freedom," they are free to mold the thinking of immature minds in accordance with their desires. The political radicalism of young people with college educations of secular character is so everywhere evident and obvious that the tendency of tax-supported institutions of higher learning to breed discontent and rebellion is scarcely a matter of controversy. The rousing welcomes accorded Socialist and Communist candidates by university students throughout the nation during the past election were so markedly in contrast to the apathy of the common citizenry, that both Norman Thomas and William Z. Foster acclaimed the "educated youth" of the land the hope of their respective causes.

The propensity of our secular institutions of higher

learning to turn students into rebels against government, society, capitalism, and Christianity is a very real menace to our whole existing order. Education is a mighty force, but it requires direction. Education of the right character will doubtless help to make good citizens of adolescents; but the power of education of the wrong sort to make bad citizens is equally great. Universal public education can destroy democracy as easily as it can safeguard it. At the present time, because of the mistaken concepts as to the propriety of the people preserving a *laissez faire* policy toward what kind of mental nurture is supplied their children, the average secular university is, unquestionably, exerting an influence calculated to encompass the destruction of democratic government in this nation.

It would be rash, of course, to assert dogmatically that our public, State-subsidized educational system will eventually prove to be democracy's Frankenstein monster. But there is conclusive evidence that at the present time it is not functioning as a safeguard to democratic government in this nation. There is also strong reason to believe that, unless necessary control and direction is supplied, our secular educational system will eventually destroy the Government which it was created to preserve.

Sociology

A Minimum Wage Scale

GEORGE S. DE LORIMIER

THERE is in California a law establishing a minimum-wage scale for women. This law is designed to protect women workers both as to wages received and hours of work employed. For inexperienced workers it sets forth a minimum rate of twenty-five cents per hour for an eight hour day; for experienced workers the rate is thirty cents. In certain kinds of work, such as fish canning and fruit packing, it allows the women to work overtime and on Sundays but provides a fifty per-cent increase in wages for the extra time. The effects of this law in the past have been beneficial to the women workers and to the whole community. Whatever criticism has been directed against the law has been inspired mostly by employers, and thus of its nature could not be taken too seriously.

An interesting situation concerning this law arose in the past year. Owing to the continued hard times and the reckless decline in wages, men began to underbid and replace women in certain lines of work, notably in canneries and packing houses where these men were employed at as low as fifteen cents per hour. The law now, instead of being a benefit to women, threatened to deprive them of their jobs. It was but natural for them to direct an attack upon the very law that formerly protected them. Partly as a result of this, we believe, the minimum-wage scale for women has in fact been lowered to meet present conditions. This outcome apparently was considered by all interested parties as quite logical and inevitable. It never seemed to occur to anyone that there might also be

a minimum-wage scale for the men as well as for women.

This brings up the point: Why should there not be a minimum-wage scale for all classes of labor, male or female, not only in California but in the entire country? Let us visualize the existence of such a law. Let us assume that a commission has met, studied every field of human endeavor, and established a minimum-wage scale covering all classes of labor. Every business and trade in the country, large or small, is now held to a minimum below which wages cannot be cut. What would be the effect of such a law?

I believe it is entirely practical and adaptable to our present economic structure. I believe it is a large step towards realizing the conclusions many thoughtful economists have been voicing in recent years after studying the errors and defects of the past. The trouble is not so much with our system as with the unjust methods with which we apply it. There is nothing essentially wrong with capitalism. It is logical, practical, and built upon the idea of profit on which all trade from time immemorial has been based, and without which it would seem impossible to postulate any workable economic system in the human family. It is futile for us to hope and dream of some entirely new order of things. It is necessary that there be such a thing as money; and that labor sell its services.

A minimum-wage law first of all guarantees the worker a living wage. It distributes among labor a greater share of the profits of business, and there is no doubt that labor

is entitled to a far greater share than it has received in the past. It meets the big cry of these times for a greater consuming power to balance our magnificent and helpless production. It effects, in short, a fairer distribution of wealth among all classes and if there is one thing certain it is that there is enough for everyone.

This wage scale should be as high as possible rather than as low as possible. I would have it meet the demands of any of the present unions in the better organized trades. It will be objected at once that business cannot pay high wages in these times. That is only superficially true, because if tomorrow the wages of this country were doubled, prices of all products and commodities would automatically rise, due to the increased purchasing power of the mass of the people.

It is quite apparent also that ruthless competition for cheaper labor would be at an end. Shrewd business might seek whatever advantages it could, but human skill and brawn would not be on the auction block. Nor would this be to the disadvantage of any particular business concern. If I were manufacturing shoes or growing potatoes, I could not object to paying a certain wage if my competitors must pay a like wage. The ultimate price of the commodity produced would possibly be higher, and this, in fact, would be made possible on account of general higher wages and consequently increased purchasing power in the country. In a sense, it is almost immaterial what wages are paid, if all employers in the same business pay the same wages as a minimum. Labor as a cost item would merely be eliminated from the field of competitive bargaining. Such a law as we are discussing would in effect constitute a protective tariff on labor. As a further indication that labor does not necessarily have to be sacrificed to the vicissitudes of supply and demand, it might be noted that bankruptcies generally occur when wages are low, not high.

It is readily to be seen that under the operation of a minimum-wage law, there is little chance of evasion or collusion on the part of employers. It is not likely that a group of employees who know their own rights will accept less than their due when they have the protection of the law, to say nothing of the moral support of jealous competitors of their own employer. It might be objected that there is the possibility of the small individual artisan bartering his services for less than the minimum provided for by the law. Here again the watchfulness of his own direct competitors in labor would make this extremely dangerous, as we naturally assume that the law is to carry strict penalties and heavy fines for violation. It would seem to me that the individual artisan or small business man employing no labor would not be affected in their relation to bigger business, except only to enjoy mutually the advantage of higher levels in prices and wages. The many other factors that prompt one man to expand his business, and another to work in a small way, would still exist. Should the law have the effect of producing partnerships in small businesses, this, I believe, would be beneficial rather than otherwise. In the long run, whatever the results of the law in workable combinations suit-

able to various conditions in different localities, a certain level of profit would be the guiding motive, and under this law this level is at least controlled, and held to a guarantee of a living wage.

The political and business leaders of the nation are shaking their heads solemnly these days, and everyone is agreed that something must be done. Business experts and economists during the past couple of years have made the average man dizzy with facts and figures and whys and wherefores. From out of this towering mass of thought and argument induced by our economic dilemma, there are fortunately certain convictions taking form in the minds of the American public of all classes. The chief of these is that there is an unequal distribution of wealth, due to the excessive profits enjoyed by the means of production or capital, as against the meager share allowed labor. The capitalist himself, dwelling sadly on the absence of sales, is almost ready to admit this. It would seem that as a nation we are ready to do something about it. We have made a beginning in the National Recovery Act.

If then we are agreed that labor is not receiving its just share of the production and wealth of the country, and further that it would be a benefit to all classes, including capital itself, if labor should receive something approaching its just share, it would seem logical to guarantee to labor its just share if that can be done. By what more direct and practical method could this be accomplished than by passing a minimum wage-scale law? In fact, human nature being such as it is, we do not know how this could be done except by law. There is nothing radical or revolutionary, if that were an argument, about this law, and the time seems ripe for such legislation.

With Scrip and Staff

URBANITY is precious, particularly when combined with veracity, and my friend Brooke (this is a pseudonym, his actual name is in the New York telephone directory) is nationally known for both virtues. Brooke is a lawyer. He is not a Catholic; though, as a gentleman from North Carolina once said to me of himself, he is "for the Catholics; not agin 'em." And he is in league with all good men.

One day this summer, says Brooke, two nuns appeared at the door of his office. They quested alms for an institution, and were garbed in a Franciscan habit. They were Catholic nuns; not Harmonians or Anglicans. What particularly caught Brooke's charitable eye, however, was the fact that one of the nuns wore a jeweled brooch at her throat. This fact, when he related it to me, excited my curiosity—a not infrequent occurrence. Brooke hastened to say that he used this term figuratively, by mode of allegory, as they say; as when the Pope speaks of his sheep, not to be interpreted in terms of lamb chops or mutton; but in a spiritual sense, as denoting guidance, direction, confidence, etc.

In other words, let me explain to the literal minded, the good Sister did not wear actually a jeweled brooch at her throat, but in the linen guimpe (that is my word, not Brooke's; I had to supply it for him, when he spoke of the "linen affair that goes around their face") there was a minute, but perfect, darn.

"That darn," said Brooke, "was to my eye, in the case of a nun who has taken the holy Vow of Poverty, equivalent to a jeweled brooch at the throat of a Princess."

Which shows that Brooke, besides urbanity and veracity, has that rare gift entitled "spiritual insight."

THE above-recorded conversation took place on Wednesday, September 13, at about 12:15 noon, the afternoon of Grover Whalen's monster NRA parade (the like of which there never was); and can be testified to by a fellow-pilgrim from a very distant land.

Why such meticulousness? Occasion, *Time* (September 4, 1933, page 24) genially spotting the Pilgrim (August 12, 1933, page 448), & remarking, re letter of Susan Miles to which Pilgrim referred:

Some tepid discussion followed. Then, fortnight ago, a Protestant nunnery was described in *AMERICA*, urbane Jesuit weekly, by "The Pilgrim"—*nom de plume* for any staff member. Telling of tramping through Rhode Island, "The Pilgrim" said he came upon a convent, knocked at its door in hope of getting a cup of tea. [Follow excerpts from said Pilgrim.]

Refreshing was the calm feeling of "anyness" which stole upon my soul after reading this. Karma is nothing to being *any* of the *AMERICA* Staff. Like Margaret Fuller, I was at peace with the universe. But there seemed to be a little jolt, or nudge, in *Time's* concluding words, which might bring slight discord even into Karma.

By last week Protestants and Catholics alike were anxious to hear more about the Harmonian Sisterhood—first interdenominational convent ever founded. Where was it in Rhode Island? How many sisters were there? What rule of life had been adopted?

When people began telephoning its Manhattan office, *AMERICA's* staff was forced to confess that the "Harmonians" do not exist. "The Pilgrim" invented them.

Of course he did. How else could the dear things get started between the appearance of Susan Miles' letter in the *Christian Century*, on July 26, 1933, and the exploring expedition recorded in *AMERICA* for August 12, 1933? Even the great St. Teresa of Avila could not whirl a convent up in that record time. The "people who began telephoning" *AMERICA's* Manhattan office, however, were, or was, just the editorial office of *Time*. Here again is Karma, the One is absorbed into the Many: a thought that I commend to the Harmonians.

Granted the Pilgrim was urbane, was he unveracious—more so, for instance, than my good friend Brooke? The Harmonians were described as located in the vast alkaline plains of the great desert of Rhode Island, being completely founded and equipped in seven days. If people care to pursue the query, they will observe that the brief history was followed by the words: "The plan of the interdenominational nunnery is reason itself, compared to"—what? the "Cuckoo Inn" planned by the French Masonic politicians. If various people, such as the irate

correspondent in this week's Communications, would be patient enough to follow the Pilgrim's philosophizings and qualifications—and study a little geography on the side—it might be still possible to write an allegory as an allegory. Like Artemus Ward, one might even indulge at times in a goak.

DOUBT as to the reality, not of her existence, but of the sanctity of St. Thérèse of Lisieux was cast by the "very sympathetic reviewer" of two books of Ernest Psichari in the London *Times Literary Supplement* for August 17, 1933. "Like Psichari," said the reviewer, she "did not live to accomplish any great achievement of sanctity, nor add to the treasure of (her) faith." In the August 31 issue of the same weekly, Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., replies as follows:

Wherever I have been—Egypt, in Maori mountains, among Zulu or Matabele or Basuto—not to insist on literally every country that I know of but have not visited—the States, Southern America, Nigeria—there I have found her statues, children named after her. Not a single person of our generation (and of how many others) has had such a destiny. Not Napoleon, not Bismarck, not Lenin. Not Shaftesbury nor Elizabeth Fry; not Newman or Döllinger or Martineau, not Leo XIII nor Edward VII nor Booth. Is not this an "achievement" of, precisely, "sanctity"? And a very special sanctity. She would not be seventy years old were she living now. She made no epigrams—true: she neither saw visions nor worked miracles in her lifetime. She was shut up inside a Carmelite cell—not even the people of Lisieux knew about her. Suddenly, the world knows about her. Nothing of propaganda occurred. No plan was "hatched." Looking at the thing just from a "mass-psychology" point of view, I can remember nothing like it ever. Rome itself was embarrassed *even financially* by the abrupt resolve of the Catholic world that she should be canonized. That is why the dome of St. Peter's was illuminated. Money sent *ad hoc* had to be used strictly according to the intentions of the donors. Rationalize as I will, I can find no human explanation. I do not insist that her description of her "Little Way" of serving Christ is a real addition to the treasury of her faith. It contains nothing new; but it is helping a generation, afraid of "heroism" (or forbidden to practice it), toward great things. William James, were he living, would have to attend to her very seriously were he re-editing his "Varieties."

Nor is it to be passed over, amongst her marvels, that the spiritual insight of all mankind has accepted without question St. Thérèse's figurative title: "The Little Flower."

THE PILGRIM.

LOURDES

O Lady of the twisted limbs
And broken bodies bent,
Behold the pattern of our flesh
A purple banner rent.
With aching hearts and aching hands
And grief in every vein,
We fill thy arms with helplessness,
Mother of sharp pain!
The long white road of agony
Unfolds its fatal length,
Our Lady of the crutches stands
Beside our wasted strength.
Thy beauty fills the hollow cheeks
Of death, and makes of grief
A garment woven of His peace,
Lovely past belief.

CHARLES M. CAREY, C.S.C.

Dramatics

Funeral-Baked Dramatic Meats

ELIZABETH JORDAN

THIS is the season of experiment in the theater. Almost any author of any play can get a producer. Almost any producer can get a theater for a song, a company for a minimum wage, and an audience for his first-night performance. For his second night he may have to go out into the highways and byways and gather his spectators in; and by the end of the week he frequently has a nice little dramatic funeral on his hands at which he and the author of the dead play are the sole mourners.

He is not mourning an impressive financial loss, for as I have suggested, the producer of these experimental offerings does not put much money into his venture. He pays the lowest possible rent, the lowest possible salaries. The members of his company supply their own costumes, usually from their own trunks and closets; and the producer throws the "sets" together from the furniture in his private storehouse. If, after this casual preparation, he makes a hit with his new play, he is in great luck. If he is a real producer, he then strengthens his company, improves his sets, and makes his plans for a long run. If he is a timid beginner, he crosses his fingers and lets the play "ride" without upbuilding. Why, he asks himself, should he spend more money, when the public has accepted his offering as presented? Sometimes he bluffs out this attitude, and a play runs through an entire season simply because it is a good play, but wholly without the aids it should have. I could mention several recent instances of this, but I forbear. I am feeling charitable though slightly depressed. I have just seen, in four days, four plays, several of which rather neatly illustrate my point.

The first and most pretentious of this season's new plays is William A. Brady's production, at his Playhouse, of Ivor Novello's latest offering, "A Party," with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the leading role. Mr. Brady, who is rarely an enthusiast over any play, took pains to find others to share with him the responsibilities of producing this one. According to the program, he is "Associated with Samuel Nirdlinger," and also with "Party Incorporated," whatever that may be. Fortified by these life lines, he has engaged a strong company, including not only Mrs. Campbell, but Cecilia Loftus, Lora Baxter, Olive Reeve-Smith, and Gertrude Niesen. Over this list the sophisticated playgoer looks with a pleased eye, only to be pained and saddened by an immediate apology by the author. "This," says Mr. Novello, "is in no sense a play. There is no main plot and no construction." The statement is as depressing as it is true, and the question in the spectator's mind, as to what the piece really is, remains unanswered as the audience wanders out into the night.

To be sure, as Mr. Novello claims, the play is merely "A Party." It is an English theatrical party, given by a young actress after the first-night performance of her newest play. It is a very rowdyish party, full of drinks,

shrieks, vulgarities, and incredible rudenesses, and it thus runs true to the form of present parties on both sides of the ocean. There are a few amusing lines and a few amusing moments. There is always a certain interest when Mrs. Patrick Campbell is on the stage. She was such a glamorous figure in her day. There is drama in her situation now, and a tug at the emotions. If she and Cissy Loftus and Miss Baxter were permitted to be the sole guests at the party, and to do their various stunts and imitations without interruption, they could give their audience a pleasant evening. But there are others in the cast, nice-looking, well-meaning men and women with nothing to do but shriek and be rude to one another and drink. There is also, despite Mr. Novello's modest denials, a plot. It is a mere skeleton, to be sure, and it is off the stage for long periods, but it bobs on and off, just often enough to be confusing and annoying to the audience. The curtain, as Mr. Novello explains, "falls at intervals." And suddenly the entertainment is all over, and Mrs. Campbell and Miss Baxter are shown eating bacon and eggs at three in the morning, as a preparation for going to their respective beds; and the audience remembers that it is hungry and hustles out to its after-theater suppers.

"It's a confused mess, isn't it. What do you make of it?" the man in the lobby asks his girl companion.

"Nothing. But then one isn't supposed to make anything of it, is one?" the girl replies.

And there is the answer. One isn't, and one doesn't. Yet, as I have said, "A Party" is our most pretentious theatrical offering thus far this season; and it ought to be a whole lot better than it is.

There is offered to us also "The Crucible," written by D. Hubert Connolly and produced by the Huban Players, Incorporated, at the Forrest Theater. "The Crucible" is one of these serious plays in which the author, who feels strongly about racketeers and prisons, shows us how bad both are. He is right, but he is rarely dramatic. He is one who paints the lily, not in delicate tints, but in vivid greens, reds, and orange. He over-writes, he over-emphasizes, and, of course, his characters over-play. His consumptive offers us the worst case of tuberculosis on our modern stage. Even Camille's case was nothing to it. Mrs. Darragh, the mother in the play, is so mushily sentimental every time she opens her mouth that she smears a thick coating of verbal molasses over all motherhood. His criminal is an arch-fiend with a clear blue eye, an amorous nature, and a cooing voice. His heroine would make a falling snow flake look soiled and trampled. There is not a real human being in the lot of them, and *that* is the reason why "The Crucible" won't be with us long.

Neither will "The Sell-out," a radio play written by Albert G. Miller, and produced at the Cort Theater by Theater Craftsmen. (The gentle reader is beginning to understand, I am sure, why individual producers like to surround themselves with associates in the production of these early-season ventures.)

"The Sell-out" has some comedy in it. It has some excellent acting, notably that done by Minnie Dupree as a

sentimental widow and by Robert H. Gordon as an Italian gangster. But not for one moment is "The Sell-out" a real play. It is merely a cast and a stage and a few good "wise cracks." The management did not even take the trouble to "dress the house" the third night; so several dozen sympathetic spectators surrounded the bier, as it were, and then filed out in sympathetic silence. It was just too bad.

I wish I could be kinder to these plays. With the exception of "A Party" they were clean, and they were well-intentioned. As much, and a little more, may be said for the fourth offering, "Easy Come," written by Felicia Metcalfe and produced at the Belasco Theater by Elizabeth Miele. It was hoped by author and producer that this play would approach the success of "Another Language." It is well written, well produced, excellently acted by a good and conscientious company. It comes pretty near being a good evening's entertainment. But, as the girl tourist said of the Venus de Milo, "it lacks something," and it is not hard to tell what that something is. It is the spark, that bit of celestial fire without which no work can survive. "Another Language" had it. "Easy Come" has not got it. It is merely a family play, written around a group of fairly agreeable characters, not one of whom is really, vitally alive. At times they almost seem to be, but they are not, perhaps because nothing big enough, genuine enough, vital enough is given them to bring them to life. I hope I am wrong about this. I should like to see the little play win out. All I can say is that thus far it appears to have a better chance of survival than most of our other theatrical offerings.

Helen Lowell plays the part of the mother, and neatly escapes being either the saccharine Mrs. Darragh or the destructive parent in "Another Language." Alice Fischer plays the spinster aunt with a red, white, and blue underlining, and Guy Standing, Jr., looks so unlike his handsome father that I simply could not keep my mind off him. Miss Miele is the type of producer who hangs on and builds up. Here's wishing her luck!

REVIEWS

A True Relation of the Hidalgo of Elvas, 1557. Vol. I, Facsimile. Vol. II, Translation and Annotations, by James Alexander Robertson. DeLand: The Florida State Historical Society. \$75.00.

These sumptuous volumes and their learned content mark a triumph of American scholarship and typographical art. Volume I is the first colotype reproduction of the original "Relaçam Verdadeira" of the De Soto expedition; Volume II, its first adequate rendering in English, supplemented by erudite bibliographical sketches of De Soto documents and a vast array of luminous notes, occupying nearly half of this 500-page book. A preface to each gives balanced appraisal of the Elvas Narrative and the unparalleled achievements it recounts, stressing its historic value to the heirs of the wide realms it first revealed. The first published Relation, by a participant, of the Spanish warriors' three-year marchings through all our Southland regions, and of their primeval tribes and products 1538-1541, Elvas' graphic story still holds primary value. It was challenged, 1591, by Garcilaso's "Florida del Inca," which interweaves with the Relaçam oral recollections of three De Soto veterans, and gives better record of incidents creditable to Governor and clergy than Elvas, whose title, featur-

ing "Certain Portuguese Gentlemen," discloses his countrymen's jealousy of Spanish explorers. Though not endorsing Garcilaso, Dr. Robertson accepts these additions, and pronounces Maynard's "De Soto," which follows them, "the best biography in English." Regarding Spain's vast contribution to American civilization he enlarges the tributes of Bourne, Lowery, and Buckingham Smith, "who pointed the way"; and duly credits Gilmary Shea, who pioneered that way. In all Spanish-America ways Dr. Robertson has proved himself the master: editing the great "Philippine Islands" series, the Florida Historical Society Publications, and the *Hispanic American Historical Review*; listing all "Documents in Spanish Archives relating to U. S. History"; and cheerfully assisting all workers in Florida fields. For this monumental work we may bid him appropriately the farewell appended by Elvas and his publisher: "Deo Gratias," and "May God have you in His Keeping!"

M. K.

The Church and Spiritualism. By HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. \$2.75.

Father Thurston's highly developed power of criticism is brought to an acute point in this book, the latest of the Science and Culture Series. The learned Jesuit has, to my way of thinking, simply covered the field of available material, and in the face of the obvious difficulty, has analyzed and re-analyzed in the way of a psychical scientist this most baffling of all subjects, the occult. Father Thurston as a critic is marvellously true to his own principles, and measures his conclusions exactly by his evidence. The result is a long but far from tedious study of the most striking "phenomena" of Spiritualism and some illuminating portraits of the Spiritualists. Holding no brief for the creed so-called or for its followers, the author, nevertheless, after citing copious and fairly convincing examples of telepathy, clairvoyance, telekinesis, etc., builds a strong argument, based on the safest philosophic principles of human testimony, for the existence of these weird and inexplicable phenomena. He offers no explanation as to their nature or their authorship. He simply insists against the prejudiced who are ready to shout "fake" whenever the word *seance* is mentioned, that it is unfair and unphilosophical to disregard direct and investigated and thoroughly sifted testimony so cavalierly. Of course, his reading and study have acquainted him with a great deal of the quackery that parades as preternatural. By the same token he is not persuaded that "spirits" are responsible for the thousand and one effects that hard-bitten Spiritualists hail as contacts with the life that pulses behind the veil of death. And if anyone ungardedly believes that he thereby swings into that compromising rut called a safe middle course, they do not know Father Thurston, and they have missed his theses in this book. He is quite aware of the dangers that accompany spiritualistic investigations. He is whole-souled in his realization that the Catholic Church is just and wise in forbidding spiritualistic practices to her children. He insists that Spiritualism for all its assertions of a "new revelation" has resulted in no lasting benefit to society or to individuals—but for the sake of a necessary consistency in handling testimony and making it do service in the quest for truth, he asserts that some of the phenomena of Spiritualism are facts beyond doubt or dispute. Admit them we must: explain them we cannot. The infant science that now babbles unacceptable theories, may grow to a maturity where its answers will become coherent. Until such a day we reserve our judgment. Father Thurston's study in criticism is a very healthy contribution to a question quite ragged from maltreatment.

R. McI.

Much Loved Books. By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT. New York: Horace Liveright. \$3.50.

We have been told that next to the pleasure of reading good literature is the pleasure of reading good things about good literature. Opening the pages of this volume is like opening "that mysterious door," of which Longfellow speaks, "which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth." Thucydides, Plutarch,

Aeschylus, Homer, and Horace are there. So, too, are Burns and Keats and Byron and Goethe and the Bard of Avon, together with Chaucer and Bacon and Lamb and Macaulay and Swift and Emerson and Addison and Steele, and a host of others whose very names make music of their memory. Here indeed is a literary treasure trove filled to overflowing with a diction that is choice and pure, a style that is clear and enchanting, thoughts that tease as well as please, and criticisms calculated to pique and plague as well as praise. It is a personal treasure trove, however, and we must not complain of the absent, but enjoy and be satisfied with that which is present. And the rich reward that awaits us at the end is a bibliography that reveals a lure list of references carefully chosen by the author from his own well-stocked and well-loved shelves. The essays seem so unlabored, so cheerily strewn along the pages and tossed into chapters, that we delight in their refreshing restfulness and succumb easily to their companionable charm. The volume deserves to be read. It gave the reviewer many happy hours. It will charm the hours of youth, it will renew the youth of the old, and for those in between, it will prove a pleasant and friendly guide along the way. The author wishes to introduce or reacquaint you with the "hosts and the homesteads of literature, where the latchstring is always out and the hearth is always bright and the voices of cheerfulness and tolerance are saying, 'Welcome, my brother.'"

J. A. L.

The Doctrinal Mission and Apostolate of S. Thérèse of Lisieux. The Priesthood. Volumes I and II. By FR. BENEDICT WILLIAMSON. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$1.25 each.

Many of the clients of St. Thérèse of Lisieux do not know it is by her teaching rather than by her life that she exercises so powerful an influence over the Catholic world. Even many priests mistake the cause of that astonishing phenomenon: "Behold, the whole world has gone after her!" They ascribe to an irresistible charm and personality what are in sober truth the effect of her sublime doctrine upon the minds and hearts of men. It is the role of a distinguished teacher that this "Portia among the Saints" has revealed "the secrets of the King," and thus fulfilled the special mission given her by God, to make His Son better known and loved. To bring out the richness of the Saint's spiritual teaching, the inner source of her worldwide apostolate, is the aim of Father Williamson's series of twelve volumes. The first two, entitled "The Priesthood," make a noteworthy and splendid beginning of what is to be a complete exposition of the Little Flower's doctrine, together with innumerable practical applications and an account of her astonishing apostolate, the "Shower of Roses" she has poured out upon people of every race and clime. The remaining ten volumes will be devoted to problems in the life of Religious and of those who live in the world. The sanctity St. Thérèse teaches is something not for the select few but for all the people of God. It makes a universal appeal because it is a universal sanctity, a sanctity within reach of all. Unflinchingly she leads those who follow her "Little Way" of love and abandonment to Him who loved all and died for all. We highly recommend Father Williamson's first two volumes to all priests and seminarians, and especially to those charged with the direction of novices. They abound in passages of rare spiritual beauty, deep common sense, competent guidance of souls, anecdotes of clerical life, and through it all runs, like a braid of gold, the heavenly wisdom of this humble Carmelite nun who appears to be "the doctor of the present age," recalling to men blinded by science and mechanical progress the greatness and the splendor of God's love.

D. B.

Women in the Twentieth Century. By SOPHONISBA P. BRECKINRIDGE. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$4.00.

Miss Breckinridge has made a functional analysis of three aspects of women's activities within their varied organizations, their search for gainful occupation, and their relationship to government. The most sprightly section deals with woman's use of

leisure, tracing chronologically and with changing emphasis the growth and influence of women's clubs, beginning with their pioneer contribution to what are now generally accepted public responsibilities in local civic work, and followed by a widening influence through federation and cooperation in national and international affiliation for the promotion of good will among the women of the world. Valuable and last-minute data are available for the social student in fascinating compilations regarding the why, how, and what women earn as contrasted and compared with their husbands and brothers. The author states with reference to women's public activity that the moment seems an unhappy one in which to take stock; that disappointment and disillusionment are expressed both by men and women who had hoped that the ballot would have rectified mistakes of government and cleared up evil or anti-social situations within a brief period. So whether the reader be of the opinion that woman's political, social, or economic status has improved in the present century or not, he will find a fund of material in this excellent monograph garnered from the report of President's Hoover's Research Committee on Social Trends.

S. M. P.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Shakespeariana.—Students and teachers alike will be grateful to Charles Williams for his "A Short Life of Shakespeare" (Oxford University Press. \$1.50), a handy abridgment of the masterly two-volume work of Sir E. K. Chambers, "William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems." By omitting most of the problems, particularly those dealing with individual plays, Mr. Williams has been able to pack into his neat little volume all the certain facts about Shakespeare and some of the more interesting conjectures. Scholars will be particularly pleased that he has found room to print in a lengthy appendix all the sources and allusions on which his study is based.

More ambitiously original, but on the whole less permanently useful, is the historical interpretation attempted by G. B. Harrison in his "Shakespeare under Elizabeth" (Holt. \$3.00). The general reader will be mystified and the scholar repelled by the author's deliberately chosen method of omitting all such qualification as "probably," "it may well be," and the like, for the sake of continuity and emphasis. Particularly objectionable in this system is the categorical statement of what is new and shocking, as, for one notable instance, the identification of the "Dark Lady" of the Sonnets with a notorious colored prostitute. It is true that in a dozen pages of commentary at the end, Mr. Harrison offers some references and sources for his controversial opinions, but they are hardly adequate to support the structure he has built upon them, nor to counteract the illusions that his straightforward narrative has created in the common reader. The greatest merit of the book, as we would expect from the author of the "Elizabethan Journals" is the broad perspective of the times that shaped the work of Shakespeare. The book is almost a history of Shakespeare's England from 1590 to 1603.

Art and Literature.—"Whistles of Silver" (Bruce. \$2.00), by Helen Parry Eden, is a recent addition to the Science and Culture Series. In this little book of Mrs. Eden several arts have been happily combined, for the short stories or legendary chronicles are each prefaced by a poem of the authoress, and are illustrated by drawings by her husband, Denis Eden. The chronicles which form the staple of the book are varied in their scenes and times, some depicting the wit of Mayor and Monsignor in villages of modern France and Italy, while others accompany a troubadour to the monastery, or a pastry cook to the Crusades. The charm of the book lies in its quiet, graceful unfolding of the varied characters, with their foibles and their generous gestures. The prose is uniformly of high order, and the drawings are excellent, while among the poems, all of which deserve the praise already bestowed on this poetess, "Back from Italy" is especially appealing.

"The Wisdom of Confucius" (International Pocket Library, Boston), edited by Edmund R. Brown, a book of some sixty pages,

is a neat pocket catechism of many of the sayings of Confucius and his disciples. When one considers that the Confucian volumes are many, it might seem that the present volume must be woefully incomplete. Such, however, is not the case for the author has cleverly passed over those things in Confucius that would be of little interest to a Westerner, selecting chiefly the statements of Confucius which have an ethical and moral character. In this little volume such practical topics as filial love for parents, division of labor, provision for dependents, taxation, and military training, are discussed. The author is to be commended for giving the exact references to all the Confucian statements that appear in the volume.

Biographies.—Based on the solid work of Emile Doumergue, the joint authors, Jean Moura and Paul Louvet, have written a satisfying, swift-moving biography of "Calvin" (Bernard Grasset, Paris). Not a heavy attempt at a psychological interpretation nor yet an appraisal of the Calvinist theologian, the work with much color and human incident lays bare Calvin, the man of grave faults and varied virtues, the reformer of morals and manners. The book, chiefly historical in scope, traces, at times bluntly, with that clear, dramatic presentation so characteristic of French historical writing, the career of the "convert" and the reformer of Geneva. There is no tinge of whitewash as the chapters on Calvin's marriage and the persecution of Servetus attest, but enough color is added to bring into relief the outstanding Calvinist and Puritan in our fiercest age of religious revolt. A creditable list of the principal works consulted is appended at the end of the volume.

In "George Eliot," (Macmillan, \$.75) Anne Fremantle skillfully interweaves a character study of the great Mid-Victorian realist with interesting biography. She considers George Eliot a failure—ethically, because she administers morality in "unsugared pills" and, too, "moral values vary with the changing generations." Her unparalleled powers of description, however, and her unequalled characterization, merit her, Miss Fremantle concedes, a place among the immortals.

"High Lights on Gladstone and Political England of the Nineteenth Century" would probably be a more illuminating title—should one be desired, to sum up the contents of Mr. Francis Birrell's "Gladstone" (Macmillan, \$.75). Cool, concise, factual, impersonal, yet enlivened throughout by neatly-chosen quotations pregnant with Mr. Gladstone's political lightning, the book will appeal in an especial manner to the student of political history who has little leisure to browse in more exhaustive treatments of the subject.

Historical.—A brief for Japan is given by K. K. Kawakami in "Manchukuo: Child of Conflict" (Macmillan, \$2.00). The author reviews the situation which led up to the independence of Manchukuo and brings forward data to prove that China was at fault in the beginning, stressing that independence for Manchuria was the only course to be followed. The League of Nations is not spared, and much of the blame for the failure of negotiations is laid on this body. Nor does the author hesitate on occasion to criticize the actions of Japan. The author then goes on to discuss internal conditions in the new State, its relations with Japan and foreign nations. The whole question is one difficult to judge at a time so close to the events, but this book manages to give a clear view of Japanese opinion with regard to it.

In "The Secession Movement in Alabama" (Alabama State Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, \$2.00), Clarence P. Denman treats of the bitter political struggle which took place in that State over separation from the Union. The prominent part that abolition played and the difficult situation of the Southerners, who considered their rights were being violated, are given full development with documented evidence. The author has done a great deal of research work, especially in the editorial comment of the times. It is a valuable contribution to the inner

history of the secession movement and of those anxious year's leading up to the Civil War. Research students will be grateful for this treasury of Alabama documents bearing on a period so vital in the history of this ever-powerful Southern State.

"On the Trail of the Forgotten Man" (Peabody Master Printers, Boston, \$2.00) is a story by James H. Guilfoyle, a Massachusetts journalist, of the exciting campaign which landed President Roosevelt in the White House. The part played by James L. Curley, Boston's eloquent Mayor, gets out of hand and runs away with the narrative. But the book throws much light on the rift between the last two Governors of New York and other intriguing incidents of before and after the election. It will be especially interesting to all students of national politics.

Poetry.—Another book of poems by Mary Dixon Thayer is always a pleasure. And this recent collection of lyrics which she entitles "Sonnets" (Macmillan, \$1.00) is no exception. All lovers of the beautiful will be delighted and charmed by her gentle Muse which sings itself into the reader's heart. There is a disarming simplicity in this little book and, withal, true depth of feeling. What more can one ask? As her publishers tell us: "One may like or dislike her poetry, but it is impossible to read it and not recognize that it is utterly without pose, that it is not bound by any fashions of the moment, and that it is absolutely sincere."

In "The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll" (Macmillan, \$2.50), with illustrations by Sir John Tenniel, Arthur B. Frost, Henry Holiday, Harry Furniss, and the author, one will discover all the verse that the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) ever published in books during his lifetime, together with a number of juvenile pieces from the original MSS., of "Useful and Instructive Poetry" and "The Rectory Magazine," in addition to many others collected from Collingwood's "Lewis Carroll Picture-Book" and the "Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," and from other works either now out of print or not readily accessible. All the old favorites are here: the gorgeous nonsense of the "Jabberwocky," "Father William," "The Walrus and the Carpenter," and the shorter lyrics that have made the name of their author a household word throughout the whole civilized world. The book is tastefully bound in dark blue cloth with gold lettering, thus making it an ideal gift for young and old.

"Ships and Lovers" (Boni, \$1.75) is the first book of verse by Thomas Caldecot Chubb in many years. The volume contains forty-seven pieces, some lyrical, some dramatic, some narrative, which shows us the poet in many moods. We are not quite certain just what is the philosophy of life of the author. But we do know that his "Fofo, the Clown," who seeks entrance into Heaven, in spite of his cleverness, will not be acceptable to men and women who reverence a Supreme Being. But this does not mean that there are not real glimpses of poetic beauty in the book. For there are arresting things scattered throughout the slim volume on almost every page.

As the New England days passed to history, "green turned to scarlet on the maple bough, and lives to legend"; Rachel Field takes material from these legended lives, to tell with deft choice and clarity of detail four stories, pointed, diverting, highly interesting, in blank verse of colloquial language, all of them briny with the sea, and redolent of Maine. "Points East: Narratives of New England" (Macmillan, \$2.00) is the book's happy and peculiarly apt title.

Ascetical.—Beginning with the idea of devoting a month to the Holy Ghost, Sister Emmanuel, in "Month of the Holy Ghost" (Herder, \$2.25), goes on to show the great part of the Faith and of our spiritual life which does, in fact, center around the Holy Spirit, touching briefly on His relations to Christ, to Mary, to the Church; on grace, the virtues, the Gifts and Fruits of the Holy Ghost, on Confirmation, and on His part in the Feasts and liturgy of the Church. The plan of the book is admirably adapted to the author's purpose: to shed light from many angles upon the Cath-

olic life in its relation to the Holy Spirit, and the duties and possibilities of devotion to Him are brought home by simple and practical applications throughout. Explanations are clear and concrete; the style lucid and quite simple. There are many aspirations and prayers suggested, and regular devotions. On the whole, the book is an entirely practical exposition, with nothing strange to the ordinary Catholic mind. It is not forced in its application nor suggestive of high reaches of mysticism; on the contrary, it is a book for the average Catholic, stimulating both thought and devotion.

A book written primarily for secular priests but which should also be of interest to the regular clergy has been adapted from the German of Rev. Karl Eder, S.T.D., by Father Frank Gerein, S.T.D., with the attractive title, "On Paths of Holiness" (Herder, \$2.25). The purpose of the author is to show the priest as he is in actual life, not idealized; therefore he does not lift him out of his environment, but leaves him where God and his exalted vocation have placed him. The book is not merely a retreat manual, nor a prayer book, nor yet a book of meditations. It is rather a series of essays on the secular priesthood written for the purpose of setting forth faithfully the life and mission of the pastor of souls. Such chapters as, "The Priest and his Friends"; "The Priest and his Adversaries"; "Priestly Tact"; "The Priest's Role in the Class War"; tell us at once that Father Gerein has given us a work not only interesting but extremely practical. This book would be a very useful present for the seminarian and newly ordained priest.

In the three volumes, "Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord" (Herder, \$6.75), which have been adapted from the French of Abbé de Brabdt by Mother Mary Fidelis we find abundant material for mental prayer. The translation has been skilfully done. The English is easy and vigorous. These meditations, though originally intended for Religious, will be found equally useful for the laity. They are drawn up on the method of St. Ignatius, and a colloquy is attached at the end of each. There is a rich variety of meditations on the life of Our Lord, the Blessed Sacrament, the Sacred Heart, and the Blessed Virgin. There are special meditations for the Feast Days. Very clear type and attractive covers are external advantages that also deserve praise.

These little books of Elisabeth von Schmidt Pauli, "Little Saint Elizabeth," and "Little Saint Therese" (Macmillan, \$1.00 each), translated by George N. Shuster, are delightfully written and the translator seems to have lost none of the freshness or lightness of the originals. Little Therese could be read both with profit and enjoyment even to three or four year olds and would be enjoyed by those who had reached their ninth or tenth year. The other book about Saint Elizabeth might be started a little later, perhaps at six years and would have greater sustaining interest because of its historical tone. Both books are most interestingly illustrated with the original German sketches.

Books Received.—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

ACHIEVEMENT OF ROME, THE. William C. Greene. \$4.50. Harvard University Press.
 BEAUTY LOOKS AFTER HERSELF. Eric Gill. \$2.00. Sheed and Ward.
 BUMBO THE CLOWN. Lawrence Gibson. 35 cents. French.
 CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MUSIC, THE. Sister M. Rose Gertrude Hirner. Sisters of Loretto.
 CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MODERN MIND, THE. Bakewell Morrison, S.J. Bruce.
 COEUR DE LION. Clennell Wilkinson. \$1.50. Appleton-Century.
 DRAGON WHO GIGGLED, THE. Elizabeth McCormick. 50 cents. French.
 ENGLISH WAY, THE. Edited by Maisie Ward. \$2.50. Sheed and Ward.
 FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT. Belle Moses. \$1.75. Appleton-Century.
 HISTORY OF MODERN THOUGHT. Michael J. Mahoney, S.J. Fordham University Press.
 HOME. Marjorie Cooke. 50 cents. French.
 INTRODUCTION TO LITURGICAL LATIN, AN. A. M. Scarre. \$2.00. Humphries.
 JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. J. Elliot Ross. \$2.75. Norton.
 KAPOOT. Carveth Wells. \$2.50. McBride.
 MENACE OF FASCISM, THE. John Strachey. \$2.25. Covici-Friede.
 MR. GOLD AND HER NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE. Lenora M. Weber. \$2.00. Little, Brown.
 MOVING FINGER, THE. Percival Wilde. 35 cents. French.
 NEGRO CHILD WELFARE IN NORTH CAROLINA. Wiley B. Sanders. \$1.00. University of North Carolina Press.
 NICE LONG EVENING, A. Elizabeth Corbett. \$2.00. Appleton-Century.

Ida Elisabeth. The Murder of the Only Witness. Fifth Avenue Bus. Golden Ripple.

To a long line of successful and brilliant novels Sigrid Undset has added another in "Ida Elisabeth" (Knopf, \$2.50), a very human story of married life with its problems and difficulties, told with her unerring gift of narrative and made unforgettable by her exquisite pen-pictures of Norway scenery as Nature reveals herself in the varying seasons of the year. Ida Elisabeth is a normal woman capable of great feeling and severe self-analysis. Betrayed while still a mere girl by Frithjof, a worthless, boasting, lazy fellow whom she afterwards marries, she drags out a painful existence until in despair she divorces him and wraps her whole being around her children. A new love comes into her dreary life and she is about to gratify her selfish longings when she realizes that her lover is not sympathetic to her children. It is a struggle of a mother's duty to protect the rights of her children, and her craving for love and comfort which were denied her in her first marriage. Mother love wins and she rejects the proffered satisfactions that her children may have their chance. It might seem that a Catholic author of Mrs. Undset's spiritual sense should have chosen a character that wore the armor of faith and relied on grace to uphold her natural character; but this serves her design better since it shows that every woman guided only by reason and maternal instincts will discover from her inmost feelings that an attempt at new adventures in love and marriage will work to the detriment of her children and therefore is unjust and unworthy. Marriage begun is never ended so long as the children need a mother's love.

In "The Murder of the Only Witness" (Knopf, \$2.00), J. S. Fletcher is able to make a thin plot last for 300 pages by having four deaths, two abductions, and some searchings of secret passages in old English houses. These are the trimmings of the principal theme, the stealing of the Ellingshurst family diamonds. We have another Camberwell-Chaney case. Camberwell acts in two instances so stupidly that he should have left the tale untold in the interests of his own reputation as a detective. A pure accident must be arranged to keep the story going towards the end. It is a very poor effort.

In these days of thick omnibus volumes a better book bargain than Christopher Morley's "Fifth Avenue Bus" (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00) would be difficult to find. After a sparkling word of introduction, the dean of present-day optimists invites his readers to an excursion among 1,200 pages of his best books, sketches, poems, and plays. Here at full length are his gay, high-spirited novels, "Thunder on the Left" and "Parnassus on Wheels"; here also those joyous literary reflections, "Inward Ho!" Once again the reader may sit down face to face with such glad-hearted characters as Kathleen, George and Phillis, Roger and Helen, with many others, and from their lips listen to Mr. Morley's enchanting philosophy of life.

In the swiftly moving novel of depression "Golden Ripple" (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.00), by Alec Waugh, there are both a thesis and a pattern. The thesis is that human lives are inter-related by finance, in places as far apart as London, New York, and the West Indies. The pattern is one of disintegration, rising through 1929, dropping after October's collapse. From the "ripple of gold" in a worthless oil well, follow a chain of complex events. Many men get little jobs; others lose vast sums of money. A marriage is made, an engagement broken; an English father shoots himself and a New York "cutie" sells herself at the parties of a Jewish broker. The connections are beyond all doubt; there even is a resume like that with which the well trained student closes his thesis for the Ph.D. Mr. Waugh's people have perfect form, but their pulses beat only in words. The oil driller is moved by wires pulling according to plan. So are the broker, the salesman, the bride, the man who some day will become famous. All move, but do not live; they feel no pain, confusion, or sorrow in a world of tragedy and collapse. Indeed, their world does not really crumble: like them, it moves to appointed ends through breathless but ably written pages.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

False and Untrue Story

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Re article entitled "AMERICA's Nunnery" in *Time*, page 24, September 4, last paragraph: I wish to voice a protest against the action of your staff member, The Pilgrim, in circulating an untrue and false story.

As a Catholic, I am ashamed to think that *Time* could find an accusation against a Catholic publication that is so contrary to clean-cut and good journalism. More so, because as a Catholic publication, your stories should be true and above board always. It makes things difficult when we must apologize for the underhand methods of those of our own belief.

Chicago.

H. WILKES.

[The Pilgrim pays his respects to *Time's* misstep in this week's issue.—Ed. AMERICA.]

"—Not Teachers, However."

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Not often have I found myself disagreeing with the content and purpose of AMERICA. However, I found in your issue for September 9 an editorial entitled "A Code for Teachers" which filled me with indignation and resentment.

Perhaps I had better state that I am a public-school teacher, and have been for twenty-five years. At the present time I am on the faculty of our city normal school. Also I have been a member of the National Educational Association from the time I was a young teacher. I have met personally several of the presidents of the National Educational Association and have been familiar with the life histories and views of all our presidents as well as many of its members. I find myself at a loss, therefore, to account for the statement that "The National Educational Association is a stodgy group of conservative old ladies and gentlemen, completely controlled by astute politicians whose chief interests are personal interests." As a reader of your magazine, a reputable citizen (I hope), and a member of the National Educational Association, I would like proof of that statement. I believe that a fair inquiry into the lives and policies, as well as the relative ages of the members of the National Educational Association, will prove it false. In fairness to an unusually fine body of educators, who have the interests of the children of the United States at heart, I think you should retract such an unfair and slanderous remark.

For the most part I agree with the editorial in question and appreciate your taking up the cudgel in defense of a body of people who need defense badly at this time. But I disagree with you about the unionizing of teachers. I have taught sociology for years, and believe with all my heart that working men in industry should have unions; not teachers, however. I believe that our service to children should be above salary considerations; although I have joined personally in the efforts of our local Teachers' Association to raise salaries and maintain them. When it comes to teachers' strikes for higher salaries, however, I disapprove most heartily. The strike is one of the main weapons of defense for unions, and rightly so; but no real servant of humanity, I think, should resort to force as a weapon of defense for higher salaries, particularly when that force endangers the education and possibly the lives of innocent persons, and sets examples of lawlessness to the very children in whom we are trying to instill the principles of orderly, lawful progress in government through the ballot.

Pittsburgh.

ELIZABETH P. HEFFERNAN.

The Poles Save Europe

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On September 12, 1683, occurred, to quote Ogg's "Europe in the Seventeenth Century," "One of the few decisive battles in the history of the world." On that memorable day John Sobieski routed the Turkish host under Kara Mustafa, raised the siege of Vienna, and ended forever the Moslem menace to Christian Europe. Dr. Ogg, a Protestant and somewhat inclined to historical cynicism, thus appraises the Polish King: "John Sobieski combined qualities rarely found together in one man. From his father he had received an excellent discipline in arms and literature. His mother and wife were the objects of a graceful chivalry; to dependents he was candid and just; he was sincerely religious."

Thus 250 years ago a Polish king and his heroic army literally saved Europe. The Moslem tide reached its highest flood at Vienna; Sobieski and Poland stemmed its advance, broke its strength, and hurled it back; thus ending forever the chronic threat which had menaced Christendom for three centuries.

Turn the pages of history to our own day. After her long agony Poland rose gloriously from the tomb in 1918. The first fruit of her resurrection was again to save Europe. In 1920 a Bolshevik horde, more terrible and menacing to Christian civilization than the legions of the Sultan, thundered at the gates of Warsaw. In August of that year Pilsudski and his army fought and won yet another "decisive battle in world history." Once more Poland saved Europe.

It is not my aim to justify every policy or action of the Polish Republic since 1918. But I think all Catholics the world over should join with their Polish brethren in celebrating the anniversary of Sobieski's triumph. Poland has had, all in all, "a bad press" in this country and England during recent years. She has been often depicted as a selfish, grasping, militaristic State, the oppressor of minorities, and a menace to peace. Mr. Machray's brilliant book "Poland, 1914-1931" is a refutation of such propaganda. The Polish Republic has faced terrific difficulties, and doubtless its rulers have made some mistakes. All friends of world peace desire a fair adjustment of the "Corridor question" and kindred problems. But Poland stands today as the great bulwark of the Faith against Bolshevism. Hemmed in between East Prussia and Russia, faced with tremendous economic, racial, and social difficulties, the first years of Poland's re-birth as a nation have been a time of struggle. But the nation has shown a courage worthy of Sobieski and Kosciuszko in facing its problems. Let us recall that Belloc regards the resurrection of Poland as the greatest constructive result of the World War. He may be a better judge than propagandist correspondents gazing through Soviet or East Prussian spectacles. In the *Revue des deux mondes* (February 1, 1933) M. de Traj pens a masterly article on "La Pologne d'Aujourd'hui." He especially stresses the religious fervor of the nation, including its youth.

I think the anniversary of Sobieski's victory an appropriate occasion for American Catholics to recall what Poland stands for. She is today, as ever, a bulwark of the Faith; twice has she saved Europe from anti-Christian floods; Catholics from China to Peru owe a debt of gratitude to the "martyr nation." Let us be loyal to her in her struggles. May the soul of Poland remain ever true to the ideals of Sobieski.

New York.

LAURENCE K. PATTERSON, S.J.

Secular Schools in Spain

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is interesting to observe that the Spanish Government is encountering serious difficulties in getting the money necessary to operate schools taken away from the teaching Congregations. The Government has issued a decree, throwing much of the financial responsibility for the lay schools upon the local authorities. The latter, in turn, have been at a loss to provide the funds required.

Washington.

J. F. T.

Chronicle

Home News.—A code for the bituminous-coal industry was finally signed by the President on September 18. It provides for a forty-hour week of five eight-hour days; that coal shall be weighed and the miner paid on a basis of 2,000 or 2,240-pound tons; the net amount of wages shall be paid semi-monthly in lawful money or par check; and that no employe shall be required as a condition of employment to trade at the store of the employer, or to live in homes rented from the employer. The President eliminated from the code the interpretation of the labor clause of the Recovery Act, following his decision of September 15 to bar further attempts to interpret this collective-bargaining clause. He is understood to consider the clause very plain, and interpretation of it necessary only when specific cases arise. On September 20 the conference on the wage agreement between the United Mine Workers of America and the bituminous-coal operators of the Greater Appalachian Range appeared near completion. A critical situation between General Johnson and the National Labor Board was considered as relieved on September 19 by the promise of General Johnson not to permit interference by his subordinates with the activities of the Labor Board. It was reported that Senator Wagner, chairman of the Board, had threatened to resign when instructions, issued under the name of General Johnson to local NRA mediation boards, gave them power to mediate labor disputes. Codes for the general retail trade and for drug stores were released on September 20, before they had been reviewed by the Administrator, to test public sentiment to price control and price fixing. Under the retail code dealers must keep minimum prices at ten per cent above the "wholesale delivered price." In the drug code, it is stated that standard trade-marked drug products are not to be sold at a discount of more than twenty-one per cent below the maker's price marked on the package. On September 14, Jesse H. Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, announced with the approval of the President a threefold credit program to expand credit facilities and finance activities under the National Recovery Act over the next six months. Under this plan industries will be permitted to join in cooperative local movements to seek RFC loans on collateral on which banks have been hesitant to extend credit. On September 15 it was announced that the Soviet Government had been negotiating with the RFC for a loan of \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000 for additional purchases of American commodities. It was reported that the RFC was willing to make the loan if the Soviets would meet certain requirements. Mr. Jones also announced on September 17 that the RFC had agreed to lend the Farm Credit Administration \$150,000,000 to assist with its program for the refinancing of farm mortgages. On September 19, Idaho and New Mexico voted for repeal, bringing the total for repeal (with none against) to thirty-one States.

Austria Adopts Fascism.—Tossed on the horns of a dilemma between the Heimwehr and the Democratic Peasant party, Chancellor Dollfuss, after having declared that the contemplated authoritarian government on a corporative plan would not mean Fascism, finally broke from Vice-Chancellor Franz Winkler, leader of the Democratic Peasants, elected a middle course, the Fatherland Front, strongly denying dictatorship or Fascism. Forming a "Cabinet of personalities" he chose Major Emil Fey, the leader of the Heimwehr, as the new Vice-Chancellor to replace Winkler, who had positively refused to have the Democratic Peasants cooperate in a Fascist government. Dr. Karl Buresch continued as Minister of Finance, and Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg was transferred from the Ministry of Justice to the Ministry of Education. Chancellor Dollfuss, after the example of Premier Mussolini, claimed five portfolios for himself, holding besides the Chancellorship the Ministries of Foreign Affairs, Agriculture, Defense, and Public Security. This gave Chancellor Dollfuss direct control of the army and police as well as domestic and foreign policies. The dropping of Herr Winkler, who was for a National Corporative Front, indicated the bitterness of his opposition to the demands of the Heimwehr for Fascism. Another great surprise was the dropping of General Karl Vaugoin, who had been Defense Minister in the last sixteen Cabinets, and who recently in the name of the Christian Social party pledged solid support to the Chancellor. It was reported that he was sacrificed to the demands of the Heimwehr.

Disorder in Cuba.—Opposition to the new revolutionary Government headed by President Grau broke out last week in various quarters. Many Cubans resented the President's refusal to replace the Student and Sergeants' army groups by a new coalition comprising all factions with the Opposition. In Havana, the 450 officers besieged in the upper floors of the National Hotel looked down on a strengthened cordon of soldiers and light artillery and remained completely cut off from the world outside. American business men complained that workers in Havana and in many interior districts were committing acts of violence against merchants and property owners without interference by the police. The Government was unable to collect taxes from the big companies, American or Cuban, whose officials alleged that they might have to pay the same tax bills to a later regime. The people were paying neither their taxes nor bills for electric-light, telephones, water, or rent. Continuance of the strike along the water front and in wholesale houses threatened a serious food shortage. On September 16 about 8,000 Cubans paraded in paying tribute to Mexico's recognition of the new regime. Shouts of "Down with American interference!" "Down with Sumner Welles!" were raised as the marchers passed by the Hotel Presidente, the residence of the American Ambassador. Mr. Welles held several informal conferences with the President and also with thirty members of his Student Directorate. The immediate result was a more friendly attitude towards the American envoy and towards the United States. But

from the sugar regions of the interior came reports of increasing chaos. Thirty-six sugar mills, mostly American-owned, representing nearly thirty per cent of the Island's production, were seized by radical workers who were attempting to run them by shop committees. At Mobay, near Santiago, Communists seized a sugar plant and began a Soviet type of management. At several points rebel uprisings broke out. Colonel Blas Hernandez occupied the town of Moron, seized the arms and ammunition of the military post, and with a large force withdrew to his former stronghold in the hills. Considerable Red propaganda against "Yankee imperialism" had been issued in the provinces. Feeling that their safety was becoming endangered, many Americans moved into the larger towns for more adequate protection.

Recent Trends in Germany.—Much bitter feeling was aroused in France by the public announcement of Foreign Minister von Neurath on Germany's foreign policies. While declaring for peace he emphatically demanded a position of equality for Germany, including the right to re-arm (unless the signatories disarmed to Germany's limit), liberation from the unjust prejudices of the Versailles Treaty, and a more sympathetic understanding and cooperation by foreign nations in Germany's struggle with its inevitable domestic problems. The tone and the spirit of the announcement were belligerent, defying and condemning all critics of the Hitler regime. On September 15, General Goering installed the new Prussian State Council to replace the defunct Prussian Diet. The Prussian Premier made it clear that he was not entrusting any of his authority or responsibility to this new body, whose function would be purely advisory. The Council is composed of Prussian Government officials and some representatives from the fields of industry and art. The fourth son of the former Kaiser, Prince August Wilhelm, and Prince Philip of Hesse, with Field Marshal von Mackensen, General Litzmann, and Admiral von Trotsa were made members of the Council. While Goering was evolving this scheme of government in Prussia, Chancellor Hitler was forming the Reich Grand Economic Council to work out a practical program to meet the urgent problems in finance, foreign trade, agriculture and unemployment. The Council consisted of seventeen leaders of Germany's productive agencies, including Dr. Krupp von Bohlen, Fritz Thyssen, Carl von Siemens, Dr. Robert Bosch, and Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. Exports in August showed an increase of seven per cent over July, while the surplus over imports was three times that of the previous month.

Soviet Trade Aims.—Soviet Russia continued to seek wheat, cotton, copper, aluminum, and machinery for heavy industry from the United States on a strictly credit basis. For this purpose advances of from \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000 were being sought from the RFC. Jesse H. Jones came to New York from Washington to confer with Peter A. Bogdanov, chairman of the board of Amtorg, and A. Rosenshein, president of the American trading agency owned by the Soviet. The latter were demand-

ing concessions in the matter of credit which conflict with the legal requirements of loans made by the RFC. Negotiations had reached the deadlock stage when Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Governor of the Farm Credit Administration, was appointed by President Roosevelt to direct Russian trade negotiations. Washington interpreted the appointment as evidence of President Roosevelt's interest in both trade and diplomatic relations with Russia. In official circles it was stated that the sale of 1,000,000 bales of cotton to Soviet Russia would appreciably strengthen the price of this commodity. At the same time, the Soviet American Securities Corporation offered to the American public seven-per-cent gold bonds of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, due in 1943. While the Soviet Union sought to buy wheat in the United States, it was stated that the grain crop in the Ukraine had surpassed expectations and that grain deliveries to the State had been accomplished sixty-six per cent by September 10. It was admitted, however, that the winter had been very difficult and that during the height of the food shortage something like a mass emigration had taken place to Moscow, the Donetz Basin, and to White Russia. Mortality among the live stock had likewise complicated the farm transportation problem. The Soviet authorities declared that there would be no repetition of the system of "voluntary super-deliveries" which stripped the Ukraine and the North Caucasus of wheat last year. The success of the grain-delivery program was attributed to the incessant activity of the political section (Communist agents) of the tractor stations. These have become an essential feature of the collectivized farms.

France.—Recently published figures showed how serious was the financial problem that lay before the Government. The French budget amounts to about 50,000,000,000 francs. Nearly half of that sum goes towards military expenses and public-debt service, and hence cannot be touched by any measures of economy. This leaves only about 30,000,000,000 francs as a balance in which budgetary savings may be made. Yet the estimated deficit for 1934 is around 7,000,000,000 francs, and to this must be added another billion made necessary by the falling off in the tax returns of 1933. To meet this huge deficit, the Government must cut expenses, raise taxes, or borrow. But if the Premier attempted to follow the first method and reduce veterans' pensions, government employees' salaries, and those of the civil-service staff, he would be opposed by the Socialists, without whom he could not get a majority. On the other hand, an increase in taxes was declared impossible, since it was thought that it would bring about an actual decrease in the returns. And finally, the Government's credit was said to be temporarily exhausted, making further loans out of the question. As a consequence, the Cabinet was working on a plan to have living expenses radically reduced. The great industries and the public utilities were to be persuaded to cut their prices to the bone. With this done, the Government could hope to persuade the Socialists to withdraw opposition to cuts in Government salaries and pensions.

Japan's New Foreign Minister.—Count Uchida resigned as Foreign Minister on September 14 for reasons of failing health, and Koki Hirota, former Ambassador to Moscow, was offered and immediately accepted the post. Mr. Hirota is known as a staunch nationalist, closely connected with reactionary patriotic organizations in the army. In a statement issued to the press the new Minister emphasized the progress Manchukuo was making and said that as soon as Manchukuo's role became better understood by the outside world misunderstandings would disappear. Japanese leaders, he continued, realize the way to convert the world to their Manchukuo policy is to convert China first. They know the fundamental fact about Manchukuo is that its 30,000,000 people are Chinese and are united to China by countless spiritual and material links, which Japan in no way will seek to sever. He declared that Japan would cultivate the friendship of all friendly Powers, and cooperate in all undertakings for the furtherance of world peace. On September 19, the eleven cadets charged with participation in the assassination of Premier Inukai and in the accompanying terrorism in May, 1932, were sentenced by army judges to four years' imprisonment. The trial of the ten naval officers, the principals in the assassination, was still in progress.

India's Congress.—Letters sent to Mahatma Gandhi by Pandit Nehru uncovered the confusion that shrouded the All-India Congress party's policy. Regarded by many British in India as communistic documents, the letters stated that the Congress party, by a resolution adopted at Karachi, was committed to complete independence with full control of the army, foreign relations, and economic affairs. "If the Congress party is to improve the conditions of the masses, it is inevitable that the vested interests in India will have to give up special possessions and many privileges," the letters stated. The biggest vested interest was declared to be the British Government, with the Indian Princes as close seconds. Mr. Gandhi was reported to have agreed wholeheartedly with the contents of the communications. Though cautious in referring to the Congress, Mr. Gandhi said that once the "vested interests" were assured of the innocence of the Congress motives, they would cease to mistrust them. Meanwhile, the local Right Wing of the Congress expressed dissatisfaction with the Gandhi-Nehru dictatorship, and laid plans for a constructive program.

British Empire Tariffs Increase.—In accordance with recommendations made at the Imperial Economic Conference of 1932, a number of British areas took action to bring about a greater degree of uniformity in regulations specifying the percentage of Empire labor and materials entitling imports from the British Empire to tariffs or other preferential treatment. The new regulations governing the admission of goods under the British preferential tariff provide for an increase in the "Empire-content" requirements of from twenty-five per cent to fifty per cent of the value of the goods. Other tariff changes, arising from recommendations of the Import Duties Ad-

visory Committee and embodying both increases and decreases in the United Kingdom import duties on selected products, became effective September 5. It was said that these changes had been applied for and were under consideration by the advisory committee prior to the establishment of the tariff truce on new initiatives for the duration of the economic conference, now in recess.

War Debts.—On September 15, European debtor nations let their last opportunity for a legal postponement of War Debt principal payments totaling \$50,005,875 pass by without action. This is the sum which is due December 15, in addition to interest payments of \$102,747,784. According to the funding agreements, any nation may defer an instalment on principal, provided ninety days' notice is given. Although no such notice was received at Washington, Treasury officials indicated that several small token payments might be expected on December 15. It was announced that Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, economic adviser to the British Government, would sail for the United States on September 24 and that discussion of the British debt situation would be inaugurated.

Impasse on Arms.—On the eve of the tripartite disarmament conversations at Paris between the United States, French and British representatives, interest centered in the effort to reconcile the British and French views on arms control. The British Cabinet Ministers were apparently willing to accept some form of armament inspection, provided they could induce the French and German delegations to sign a disarmament convention quickly. The French held out for rigid supervision during a four-year trial period, after which the matter of arms reduction could be considered. On the other hand, Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Reich Minister of the Interior, addressing a rally of Hitler youth at Weimar, threatened that Germany would "withdraw from international conferences altogether," unless concrete results were obtained this Fall at Geneva. Added significance was given to this speech by the appointment of Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, to the German delegation to the Disarmament Conference. The European tension was increased by renewed French allegations that the Reich was secretly rearming.

In "Jogues' Torture on Crown Point," Francis Talbot will tell next week of his most recent researches and make a startling suggestion for a new name for Lake George.

How death worked a striking coincidence and brought scions of two great families in neighboring graves will be told by Richard Reid in "Sherman and Stephens."

New facts about suicide from a recent publication will be put together by Robert T. Hopkins in an interesting article to which he has given the title "Perchance to Dream."

The usual features in poetry, literature, education, and sociology will appear.

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